

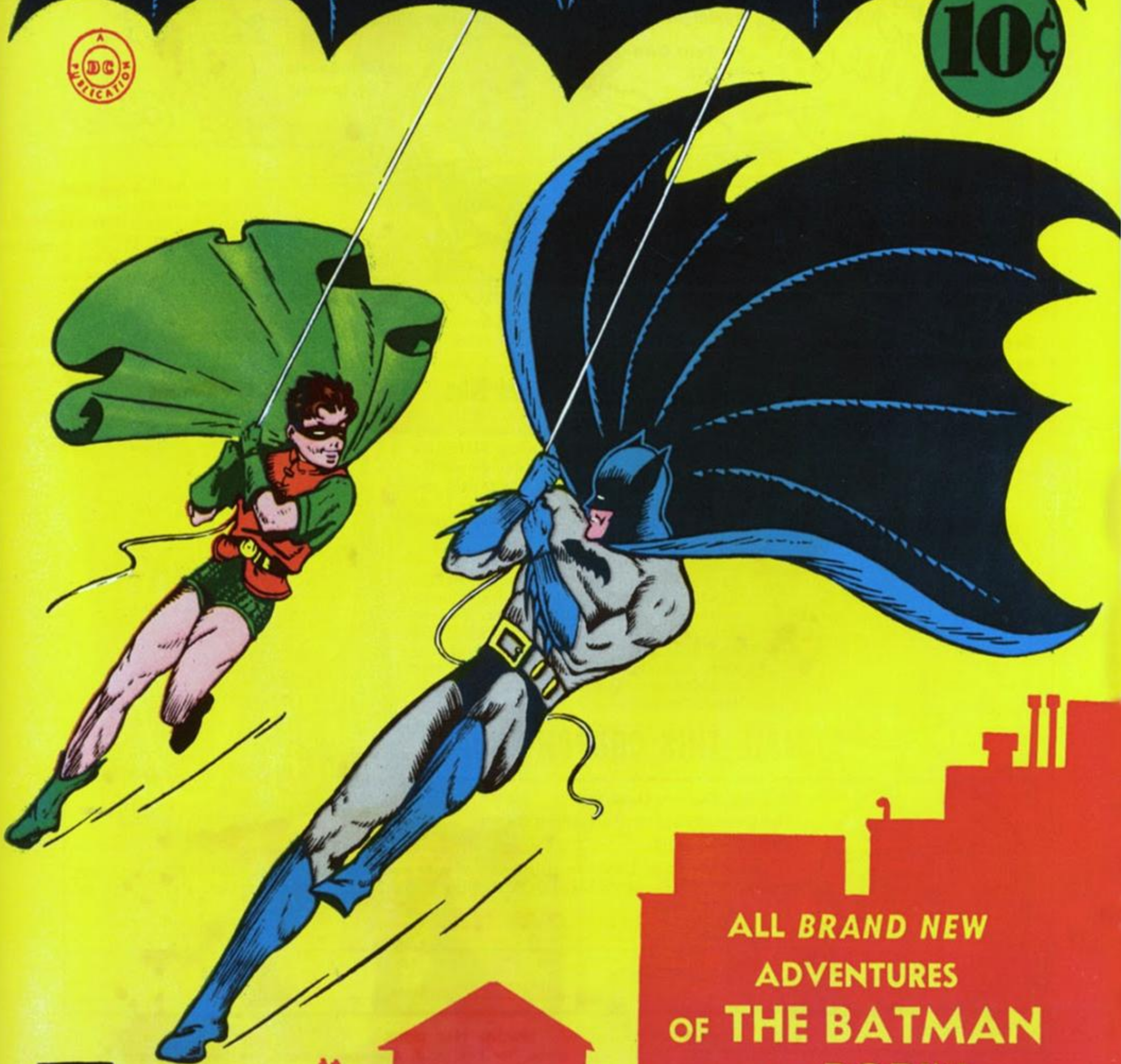
No .1

SPRING ISSUE

BATMAN



10¢



ALL BRAND NEW
ADVENTURES
OF THE BATMAN
AND ROBIN,
THE BOY WONDER!

Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT *with* LIE DETECTOR

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BATMAN No. 1 • SPRING 1940 ISSUE

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The **LEGEND** of the

BATMAN

by **BOB KANE**

— WHO HE IS
AND HOW HE
CAME TO BE!

ONE NIGHT SOME FIFTEEN
YEARS AGO, THOMAS WAYNE,
HIS WIFE AND HIS SON WERE
WALKING HOME FROM A MOVIE...

W. WHAT
IS THIS?

A STICKUP, BUDDY!
I'LL TAKE THAT NECK-
LACE YOU'RE
WEARIN' LADY!

LEAVE HER
ALONE, YOU!
OH.....

YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!

THOMAS! YOU'VE
KILLED HIM. HELP!
POLICE... HELP!

THIS'LL SHUT
YOU UP!

THE BOY'S EYES ARE WIDE WITH TERROR AND SHOCK AS THE HORRIBLE SCENE IS SPREAD BEFORE HIM.

FATHER...
MOTHER!

...DEAD!
THEY'RE
D. DEAD

DAYS LATER, A CURIOUS AND STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE.

AND I SWEAR BY THE SPIRITS OF MY PARENTS TO AVENGE THEIR DEATHS BY SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE WARRING ON ALL CRIMINALS

AS THE YEARS PASS BRUCE WAYNE PREPARES HIMSELF FOR HIS CAREER. HE BECOMES A MASTER SCIENTIST.

TRAINS HIS BODY TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION UNTIL HE IS ABLE TO PERFORM AMAZING ATHLETIC FEATS.

DAD'S ESTATE LEFT ME WEALTHY. I AM READY... BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE A DISGUISE.

CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS COWARDLY LOT, SO MY DISGUISE MUST BE ABLE TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THEIR HEARTS. I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, BLACK, TERRIBLE... A A...

AS IF IN ANSWER, A HUGE BAT FLIES IN THE OPEN WINDOW!

A BAT! THAT'S IT! IT'S AN OMEN... I SHALL BECOME A BAT!

AND THIS IS BORN THIS WEIRD FIGURE OF THE DARK... THIS AVENGER OF EVIL... THE BATMAN

BAT MAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

by

BOB
KANE

ONCE AGAIN A MASTER CRIMINAL STALKS THE CITY STREETS... A CRIMINAL WEAVING A WEB OF DEATH ABOUT HIM... LEAVING STRICKEN VICTIMS BEHIND WEARING A GHASTLY CLOWN'S GRIN... THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE **JOKER**! ONLY TWO DARE TO OPPOSE HIM - **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER! TWO TO BATTLE THE GRIM JESTER CALLED... THE **JOKER**! A BATTLE OF WITS... WITH SWIFT DEATH, THE ONLY COMPROMISE!!!



IT IS NIGHT... IN MOST HOMES PEOPLE LISTEN TO THEIR RADIOS...

MY, ISN'T IT PEACEFUL SITTING AT HOME LIKE THIS?

NOTHING LIKE IT! HMMMM STATIC!

AWWK!
CRACKLE!
AWWK!

SUDDENLY THE MUSIC IS CUT OFF... A VOICE... A TONELESS VOICE DRONES...

TONIGHT, AT PRECISELY TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT I WILL KILL HENRY CLARIDGE AND STEAL THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND! DO NOT TRY TO STOP ME! THE **JOKER** HAS SPOKEN!



WHEN ONCE AGAIN MUSIC...

HENRY. DID YOU HEAR? HENRY CLARIDGE, THE MILLIONAIRE, TO BE KILLED. THE FAMOUS DIAMOND STOLEN!

HAW! THAT'S JUST A GAG-LIKE THAT FELLOW WHO SCARED EVERYBODY WITH THAT STORY ABOUT MRS THE LAST TIME! HA! HA! PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT, DEAR!

RADIO STATIONS ARE SWAMPED WITH CALLS! OFFICIALS DECLARE THE STRANGE MESSAGE IS NOT A PART OF THE PROGRAM THE 'GAG' HAS BECOME A REALITY!

HENRY CLARIDGE, FRANTIC WITH FEAR, CALLS THE POLICE

YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED... ROBBED!

DON'T WORRY, MR. CLARIDGE. YOU AND THAT DIAMOND OF YOURS WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH! WE'LL ALL STAY IN THE SAME ROOM WHERE THE DIAMOND IS KEPT, AND WATCH YOU

ELEVEN O'CLOCK! ONE HOUR TO GO!

BONG!
BONG!

AN INFLEXIBLE CORDON IS FORMED ABOUT THE DOOMED MAN!

TIME DRAGON-SECONDS MINUTES THEN THE FATAL HOUR... TWELVE O'CLOCK!

I'M STILL ALIVE! I'M NOT DEAD! I'M SAFE!...

SLOWLY THE FACIAL MUSCLES PULL THE DEAD MAN'S MOUTH INTO A REPELLANT, GHASTLY GRIN, THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER!

THE JOKER HAS FULFILLED HIS THREAT CLARIDGE IS DEAD!!

IT'S...IT'S HORRIBLE!

GROTESQUE! THE JOKER BRINGS DEATH TO HIS VICTIMS WITH A SMILE!

WHEN WITHOUT WARNING!

"I'M SAAA-AAGH! AAGH!"

DEAD...IT ISN'T POSSIBLE AND YET...

CHIEF! LOOK HIS MOUTH!



WHAT NOW, CHIEF?

THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND! IF THE **JOKER** KILLED CLARIDGE, HE MUST HAVE THE DIAMOND!

BUT HOW COULD HE? WE WERE IN THE ROOM ALL THE TIME!



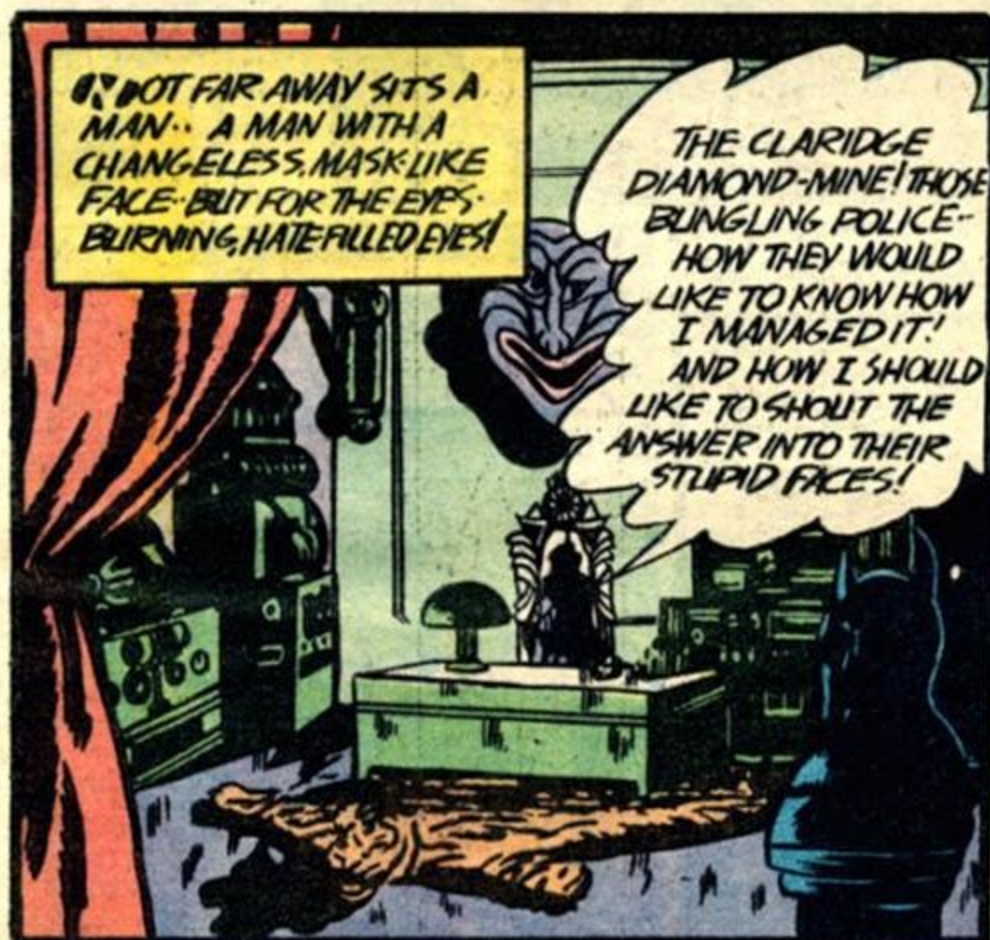
THE DIAMOND! THE **JOKER** DIDN'T GET IT AFTER ALL!

HE DID GET IT! THIS IS A PHONEY! IT'S GLASS!

CHIEF! I FOUND SOMETHING IN HERE! IT WAS UNDERNEATH THE CASE!

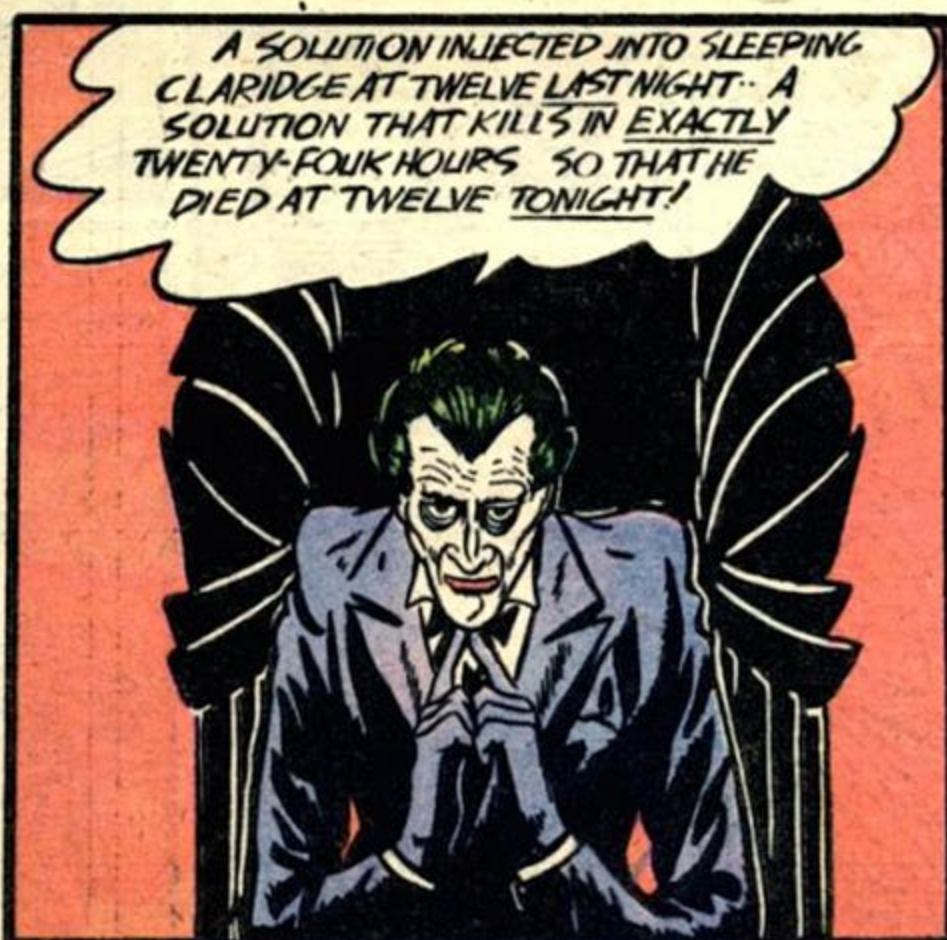


THE SIGN OF THE **JOKER**!



NOT FAR AWAY SITS A MAN... A MAN WITH A CHANGELESS, MASK-LIKE FACE... BUT FOR THE EYES... BURNING, HATE-FILLED EYES!

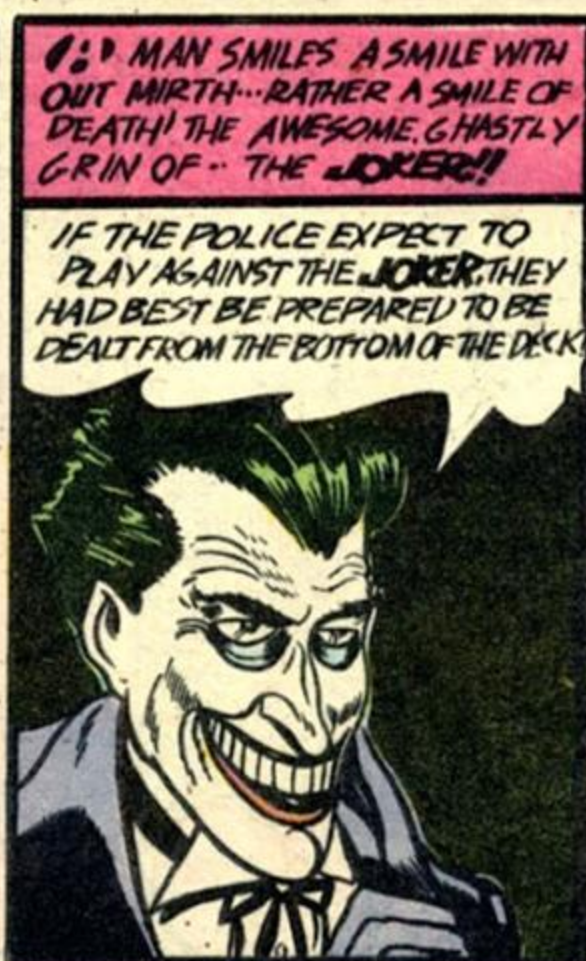
THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND-MINE! THOSE BUNGLING POLICE... HOW THEY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW I MANAGED IT! AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO SHOUT THE ANSWER INTO THEIR STUPID FACES!



A SOLUTION INJECTED INTO SLEEPING CLARIDGE AT TWELVE LAST NIGHT... A SOLUTION THAT KILLS IN EXACTLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS SO THAT HE DIED AT TWELVE TONIGHT!



THEY FIND THE GLASS DIAMOND TO NIGHT, THAT I EXCHANGED FOR THE REAL ONE LAST NIGHT! A PREDICTION ON THE RADIO OF A CRIME THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE!



MAN SMILES A SMILE WITH OUT MIRTH... RATHER A SMILE OF DEATH! THE AWESOME, GHASTLY GRIN OF... THE **JOKER**!!

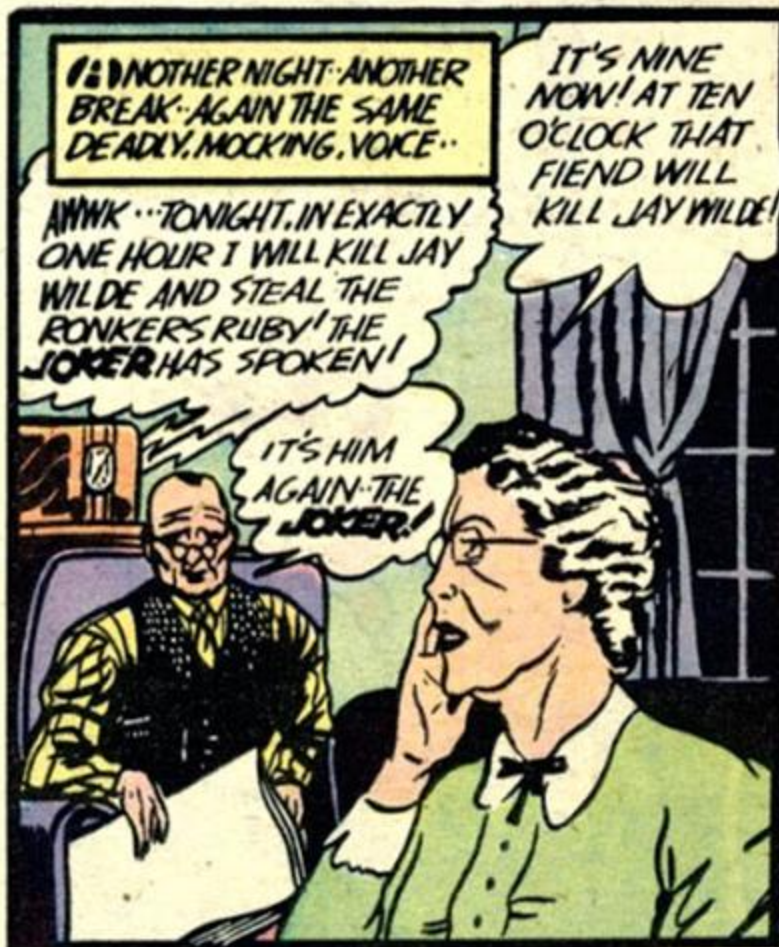
IF THE POLICE EXPECT TO PLAY AGAINST THE **JOKER**, THEY HAD BEST BE PREPARED TO BE DEALT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK!



NEWSPAPERS, RADIOS ALL SCREAM THE STORY OF THE RUTHLESS CUNNING CRIMINAL THE **JOKER**! AT HOME BRUCE WAYNE, THE **BATMAN** SPEAKS WITH HIS YOUNG AID, DICK GRAYSON, KNOWN AS **ROBIN**, THE BOY WONDER!

BUT BRUCE, WHY DON'T WE TAKE A SHOT AT THIS **JOKER** GUY?

NOT YET, DICK. THE TIME ISN'T RIPE BUT WHEN WE DO...



THE POLICE SEARCH EVERYWHERE FOR THE **JOKER** BUT TO NO AVAIL. BUT ANOTHER GROUP IS ALSO INTERESTED THE CRIMINAL! ... A HANGOUT NOTED FOR ITS CRIMINAL ELEMENT...



THE SENSATIONAL NEWS THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GUNNING FOR THE **JOKER** TRAVELS THE CRIMINAL GRAPE VINE THE **BATMAN** IS READY TO GO INTO ACTION!



IT IS NIGHT--BRUTE NELSON SITS IN HIS PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.



SUDDENLY A DROWNING DEADLY VOICE A FUNERAL FACE... WITH EYES RADIATING HATE



SUDDENLY DOORS BURST OPEN--THE **JOKER** IS TRAPPED!!



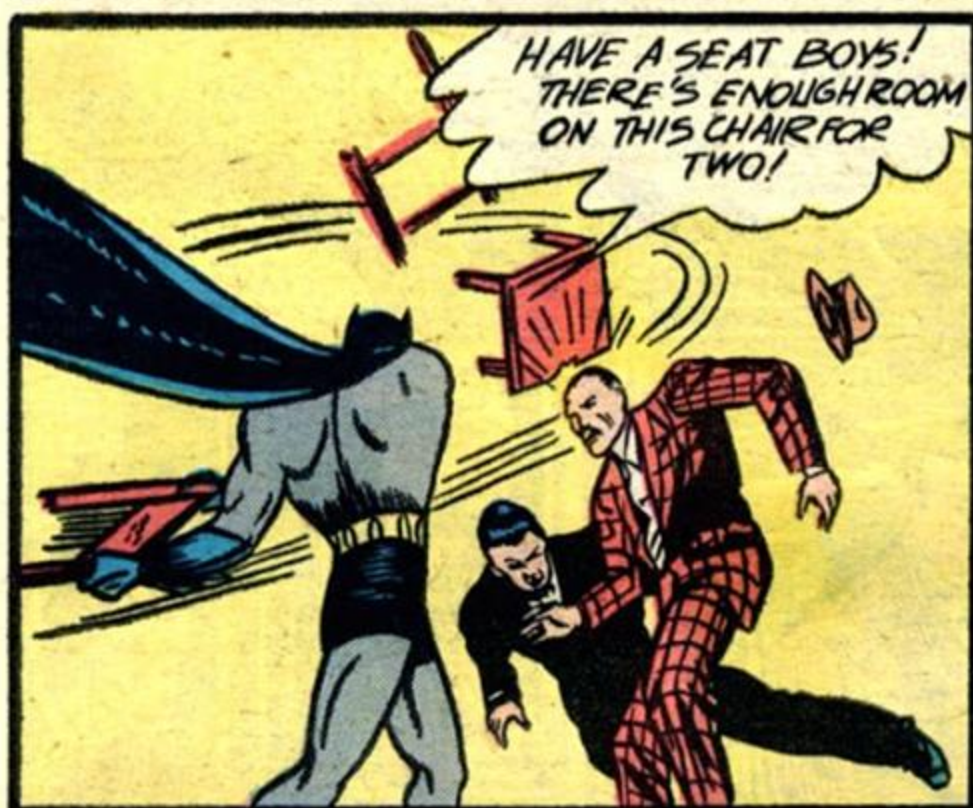
SUDDENLY THE SCRAPE OF A FOOT IS HEARD UP ON THE STAIR THE MIGHTY **BATMAN**!

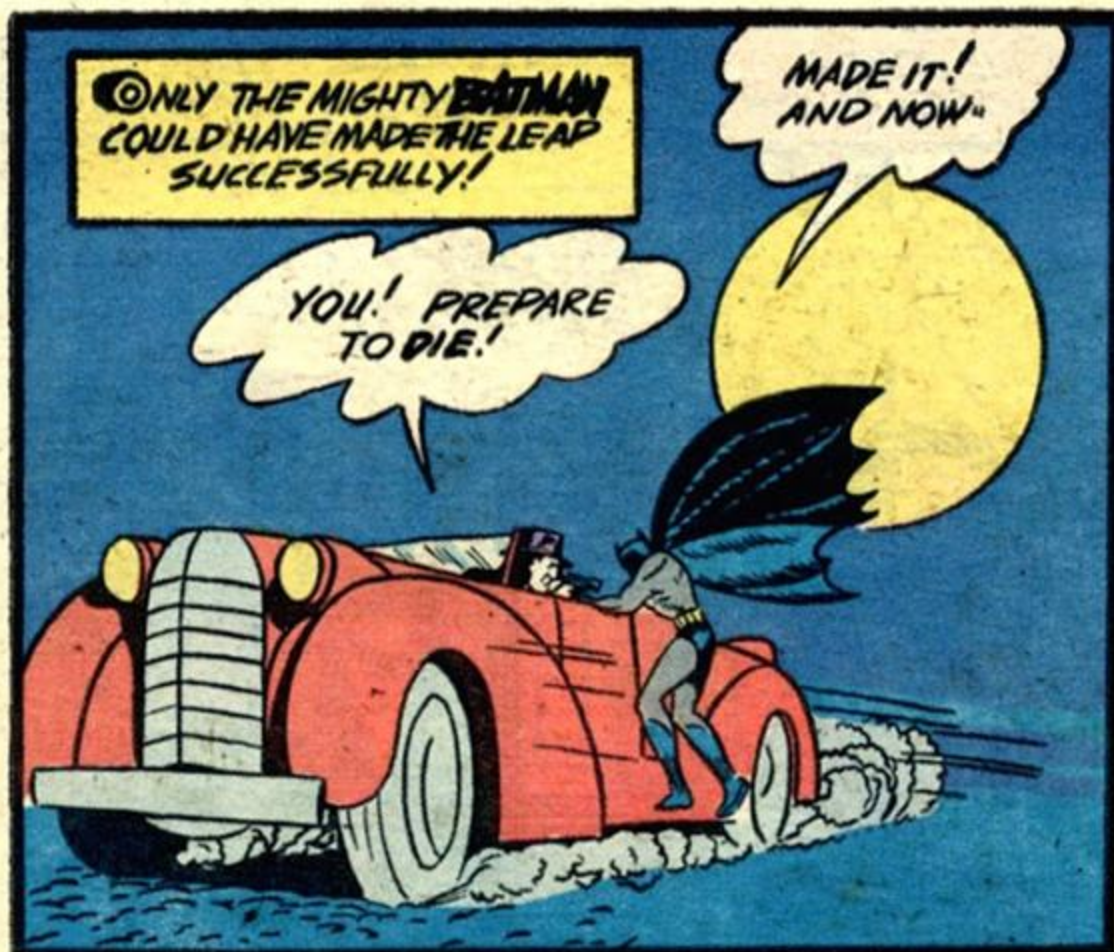


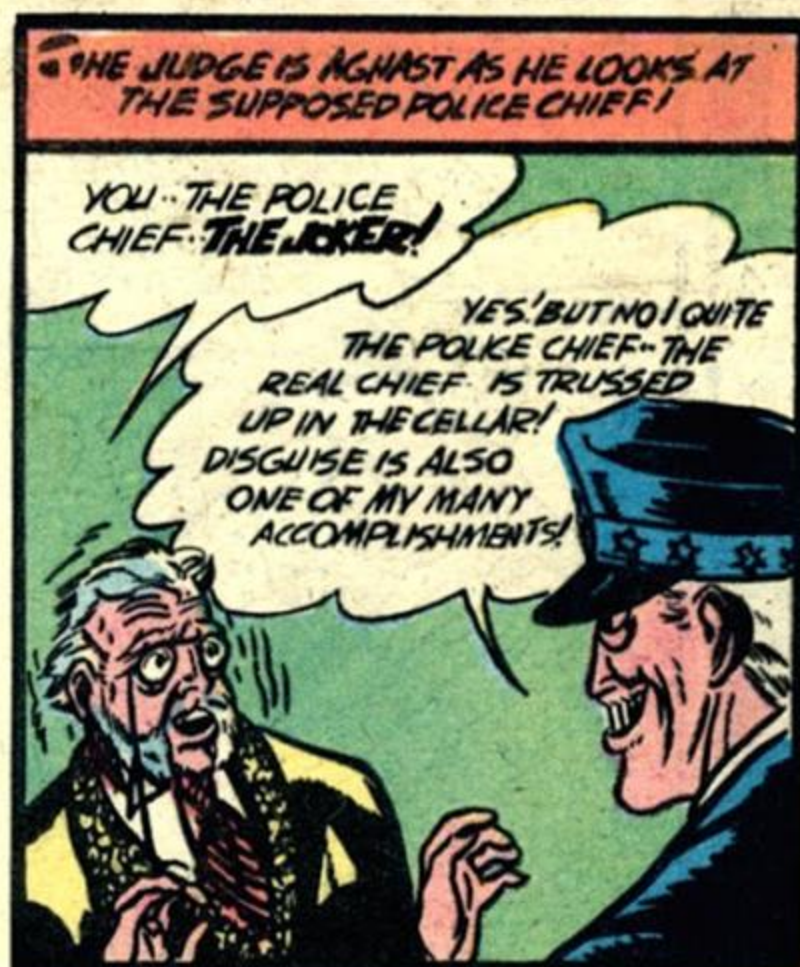
THE **JOKER** IS MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN AS THE **BATMAN** LEAPS DOWN THE STAIRS..



PUBLIC DOMAIN











THE HARMLESS BUT
PARALYSING GAS
SPEWS FORTH...



BUT THE **JOKER** HAS NOT RECKONED WITH THE AMAZING RECUPERATIVE POWERS OF THE MIGHTY **BATMAN**!



ROBIN...TIED...GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

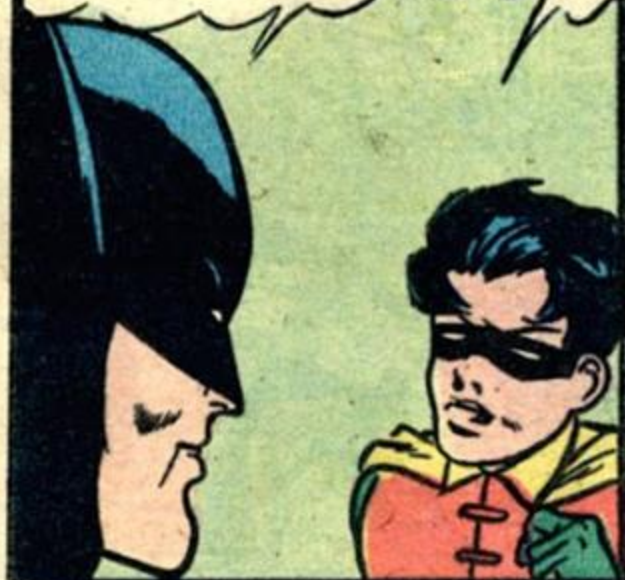
WE CAN ESCAPE FROM A FIERY DEATH!



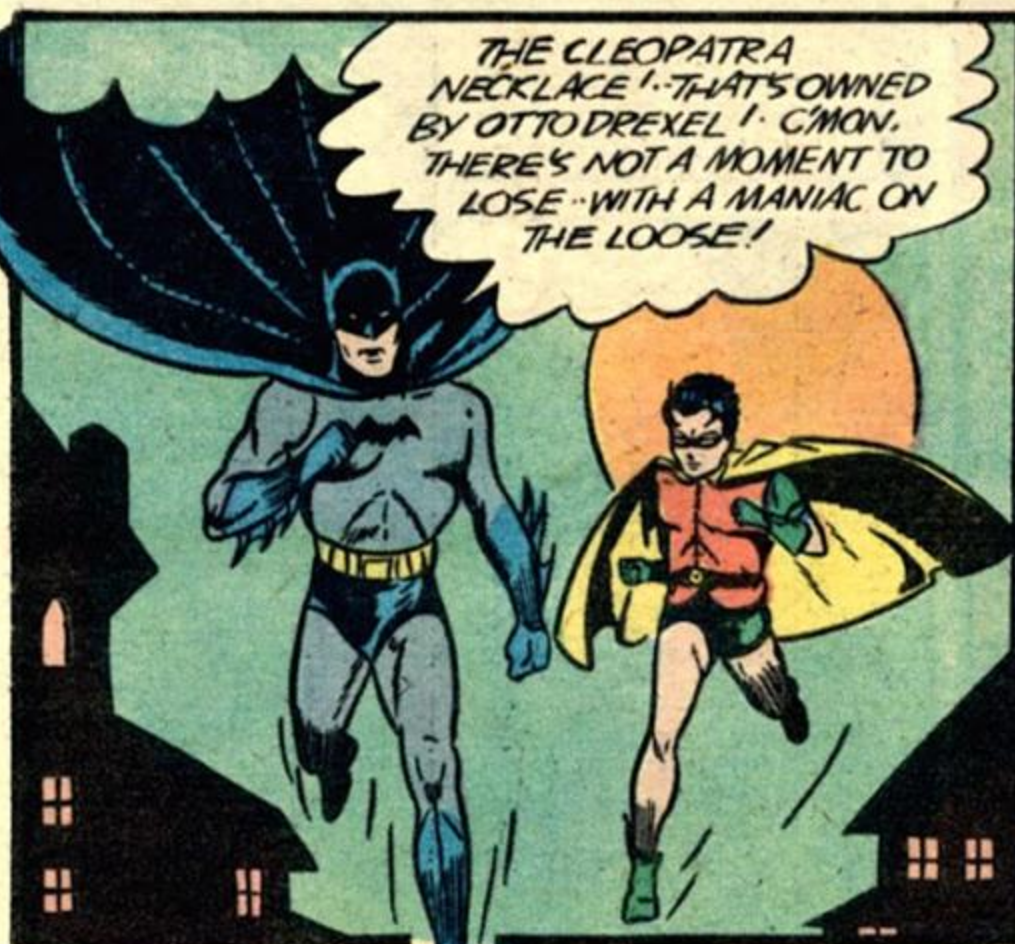
FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THE **JOKER** IS GONE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO KNOW WHERE!

HE BOASTED INSIDE THAT HE WAS GOING TO GET THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE NEXT!



THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE! THAT'S OWNED BY OTTO DREXEL! C'MON, THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE...WITH A MANIAC ON THE LOOSE!



OTTO DREXEL LIVES ON THE PENTHOUSE IN THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET!

IF WE CAN ONLY GET UP THERE BEFORE THE **JOKER** DOES!



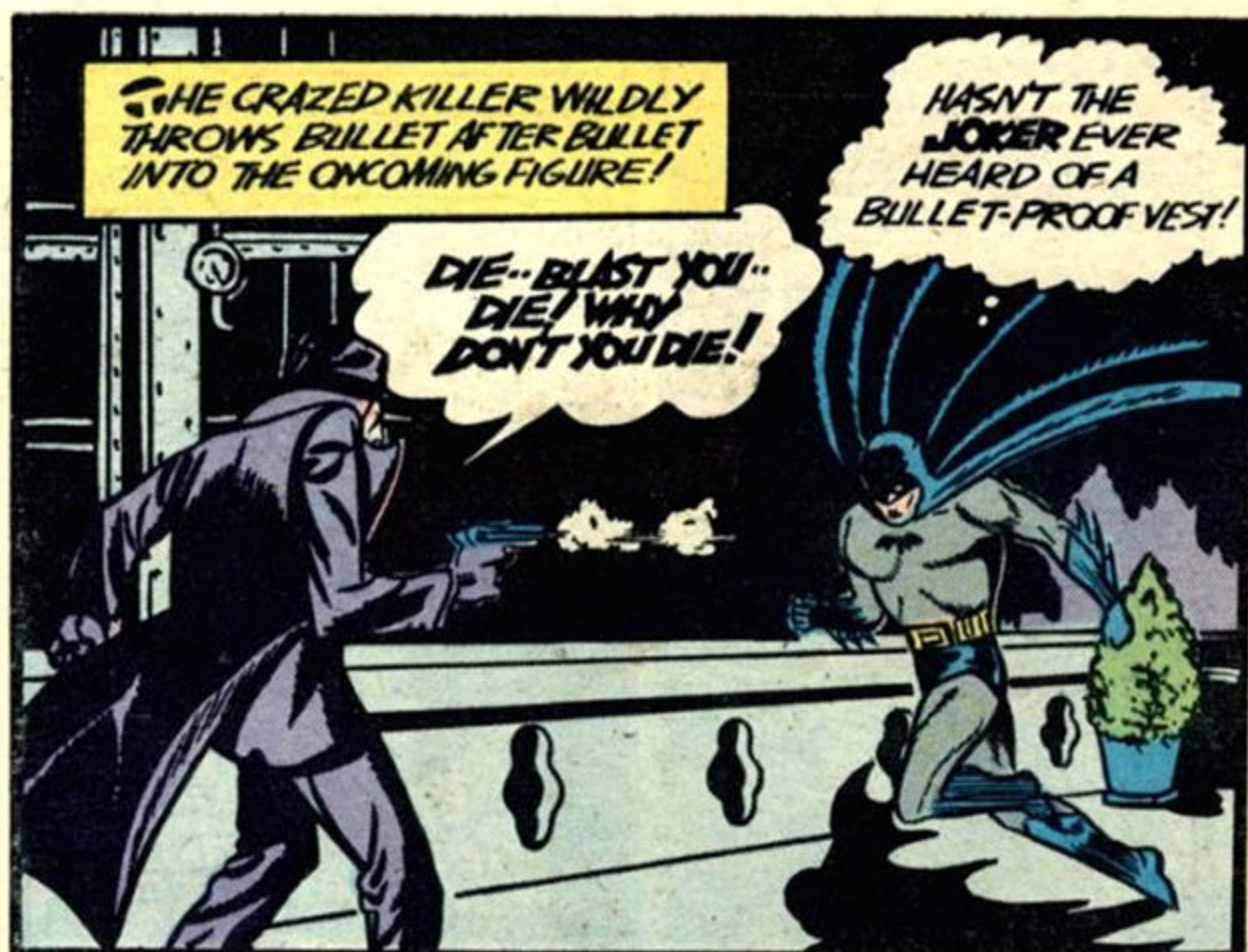
ON THE PENTHOUSE THE **JOKER** PREPARES TO ENTER.

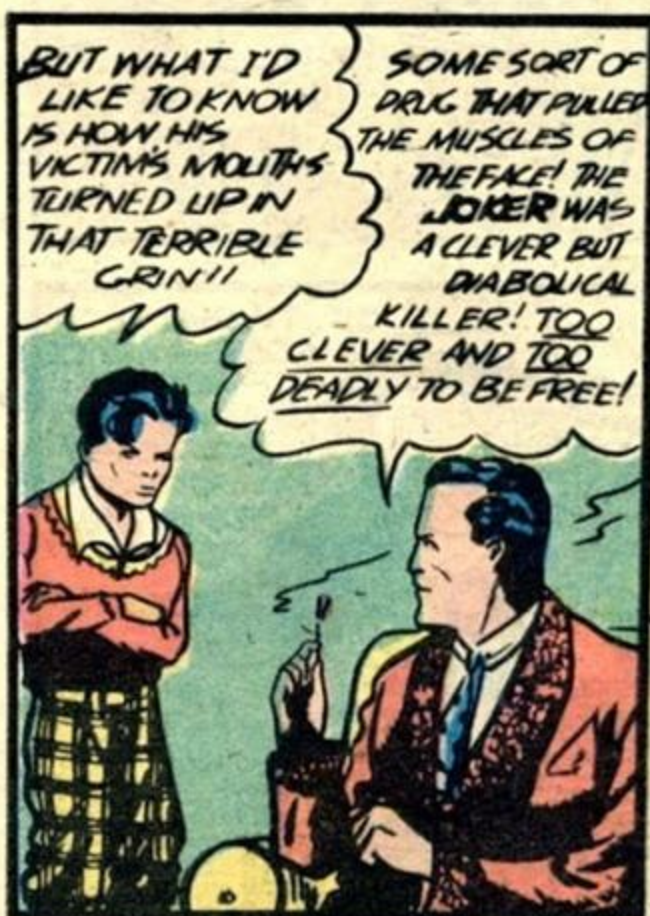
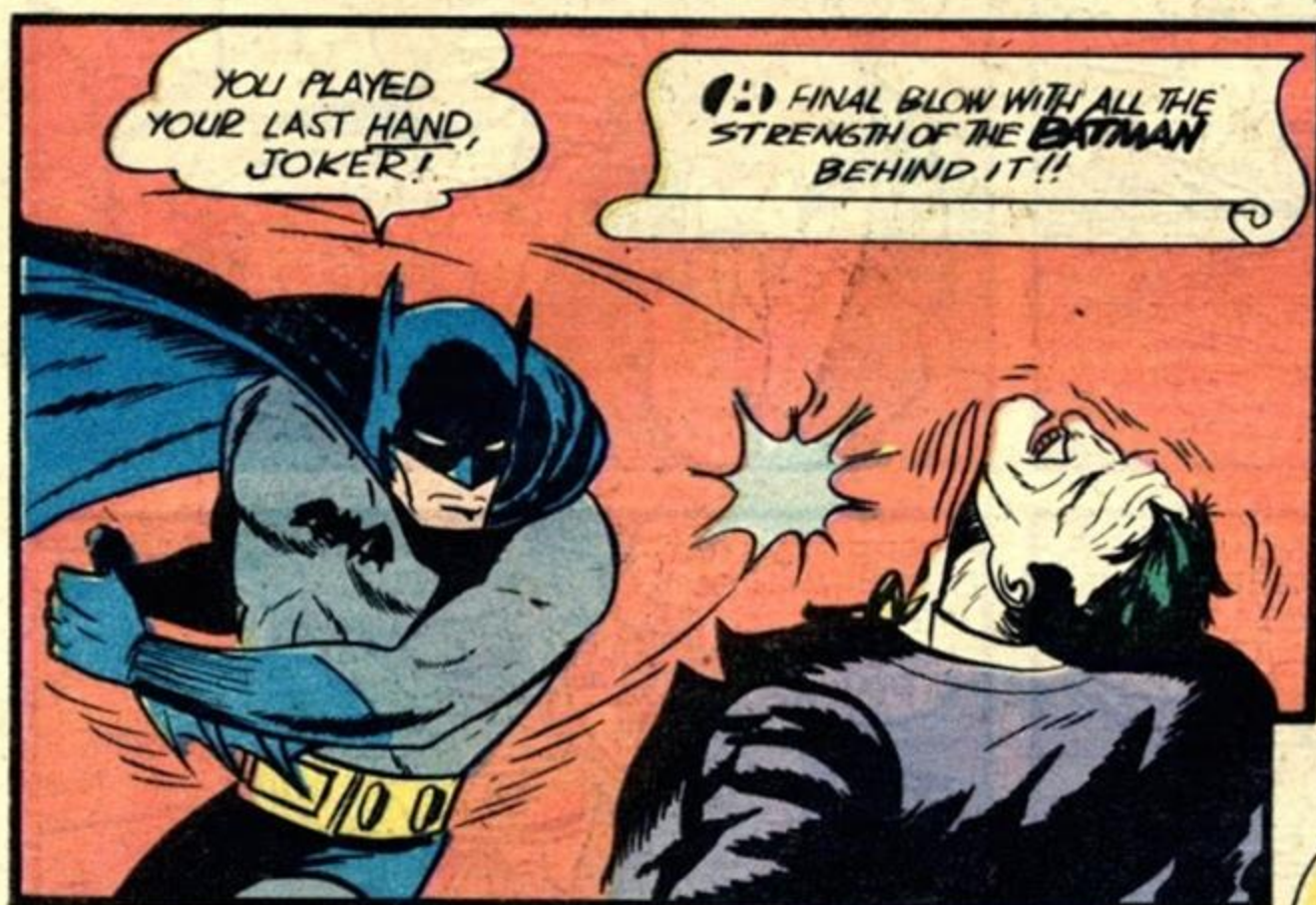


BUT LEAPING FROM THE SCAFFOLD THE COWLED **BATMAN**...



STILL AT IT, EH?

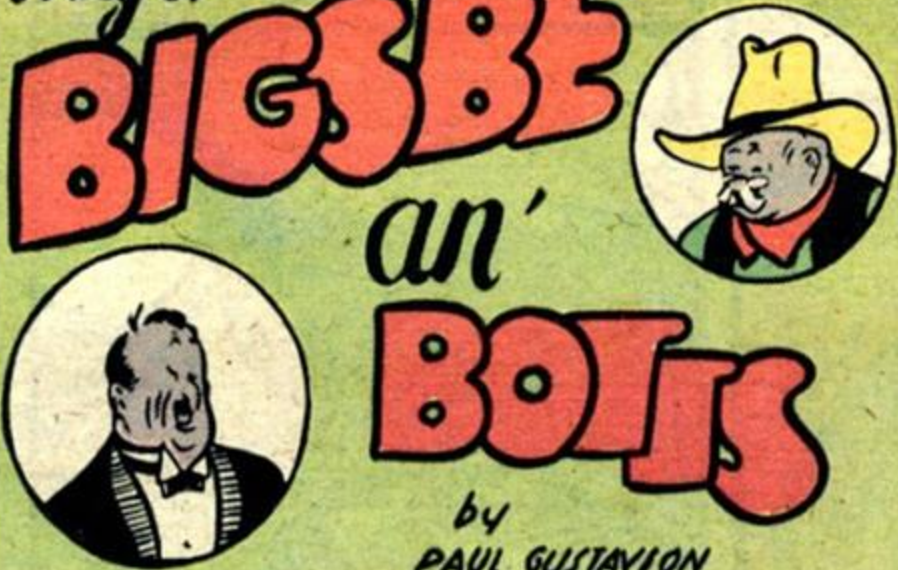




PUBLIC DOMAIN

Major **BIGSBE** an' **BOTTS**

by
PAUL GUSTAVSON



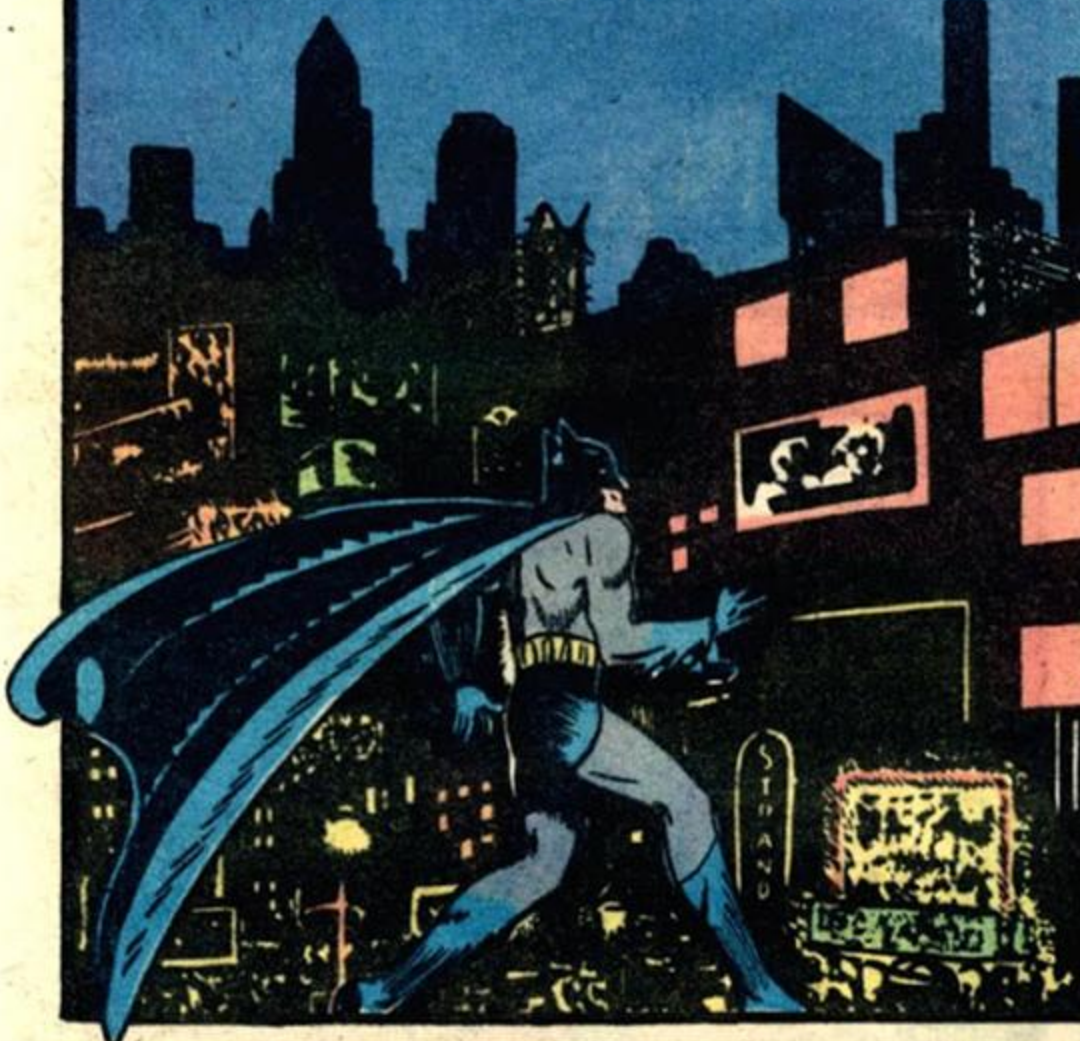

BATMAN

BY BOB KANE

ALREADY AN ALMOST LEGENDARY FIGURE, THE COWLED SHADOW OF THE BATMAN PROWLs THROUGH THE NIGHT PREYING UPON THE CRIMINAL PARASITE, LIKE THE WINGED CREATURE WHOSE NAME HE HAD ADOPTED



WHILE AN INNOCENT METROPOLIS SLEEPS, LITTLE DOES IT REALIZE THAT HUGE, TERRIFYING MAN-MONSTERS SHALL SOON STALK THE STREETS AND BRING TO THEM HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION: AND LITTLE DOES BRUCE WAYNE SUSPECT THAT FATE SHALL TOUCH HIS SHOULDER AND SINGLE HIM OUT AS THE ONE TO DO BATTLE WITH THESE MONSTERS, AS HE GOES FORTH CLAD IN THE GARB OF THE WEIRD AND MENACING
BATMAN!



NOT LONG AGO THE BATMAN HAD SEEN THE ARCH-CRIMINAL, PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IMPRISONED...AND YET...

ONE OF YOU MEN GET THE WARDEN WE'LL USE HIM AS A SHIELD!

OKAY STRANGE



ONCE MORE PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IS FREE TO CARRY OUT THE NEXT OF HIS DIABOLICAL SCHEMES.

WHYTRY! PROFESSOR STRANGE ESCAPES IN PRISON BREAK!



THE NEXT NIGHT...THE METROPOLIS INSANE ASYLUM.

GET THEM OUT QUICKLY!

C'MON NUTS!

GOODY! GOODY!

OH GOO!





THE ENRAGED BEAST SEEMS TO GO MAD!



THE PEOPLE ARE PANIC-STRIKEN!



AS MORE POLICE RUN UP THE MONSTER RIPS UP A LAMP POST...



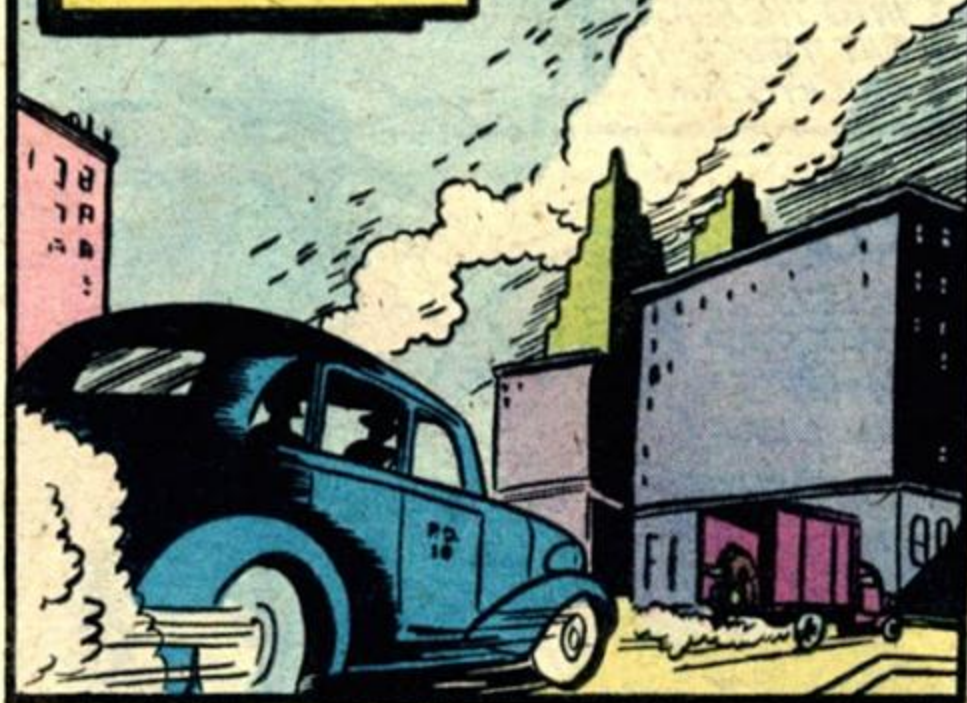
THE MONSTER WIELDS THE WEAPON WITH TERRIBLE EFFECT!



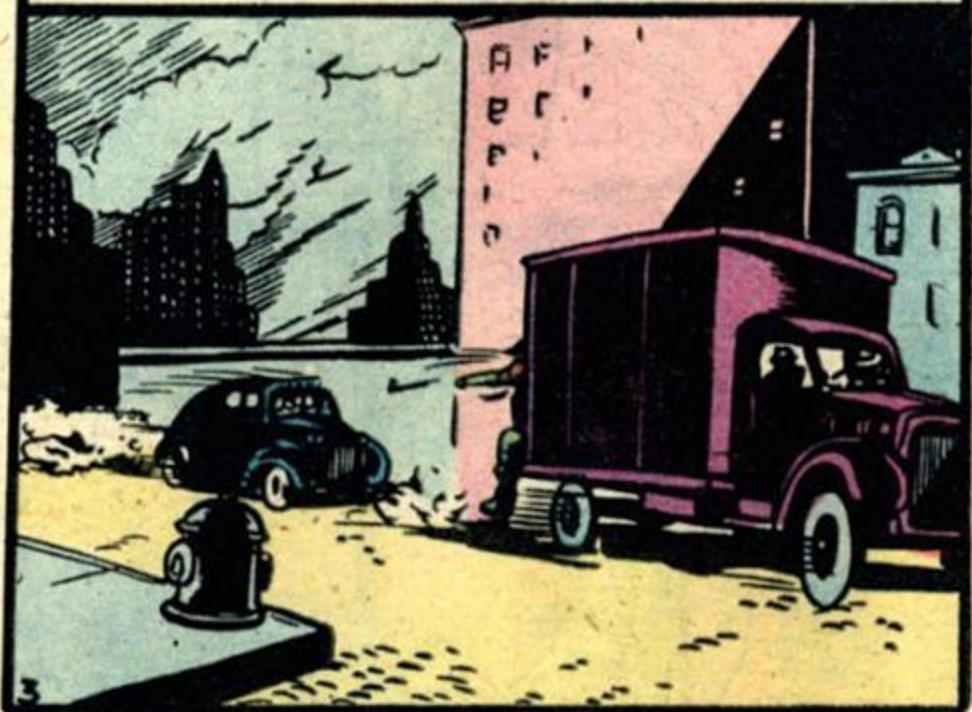
SUDDENLY AS POLICE CARS APPEAR, THE MONSTER LUMBERS TOWARD A TRUCK IDLING NEARBY

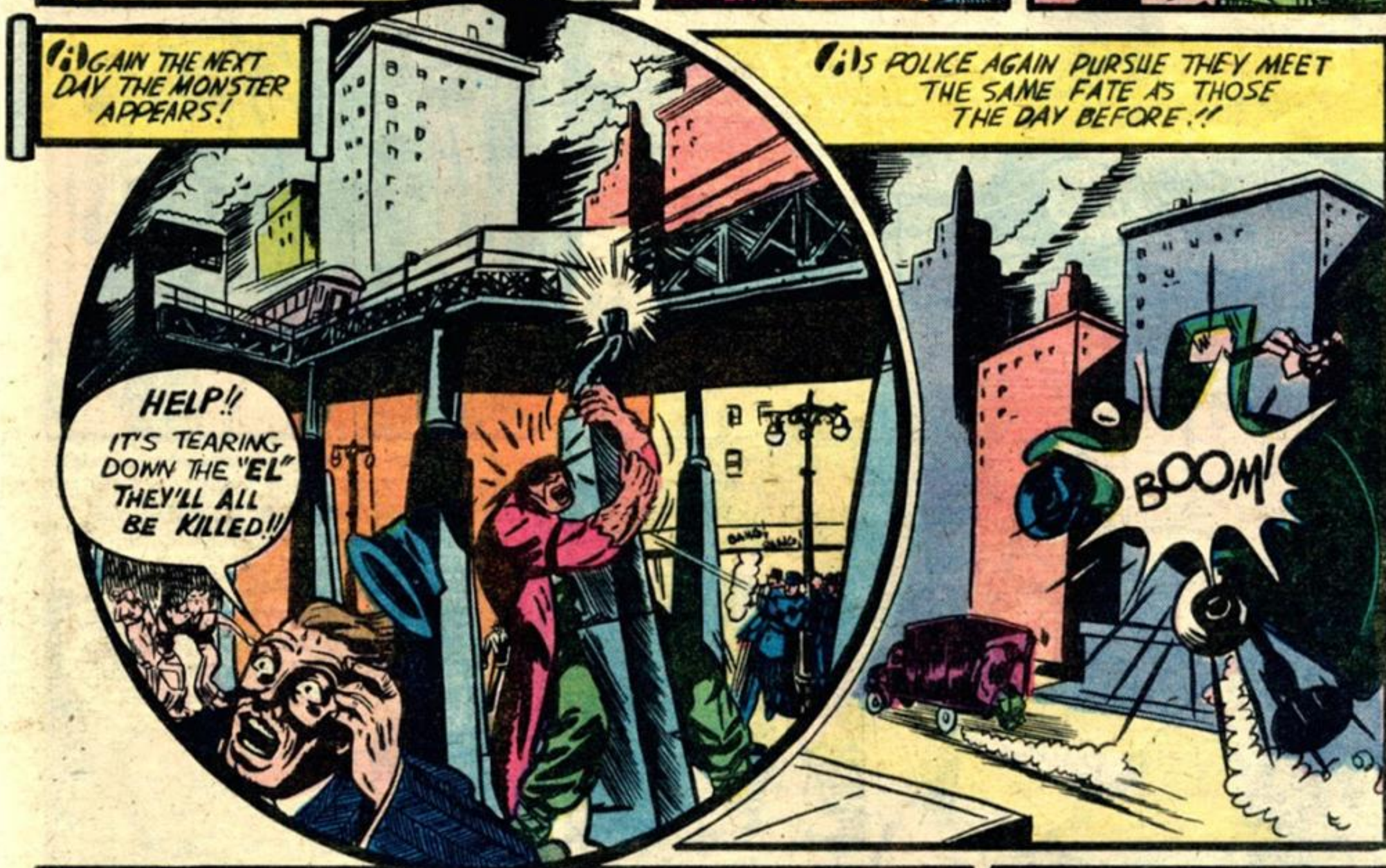


THE POLICE CAR STARTS IN PURSUIT!



AS THE POLICE DRAW NEAR, THE MONSTER HURLS SOMETHING AT THE CAR...





THE DOOR SUDDENLY SWINGS OPEN REVEALING THE DARK INTERIOR!



WHAT TH! IT LOOKS LIKE A TRAP BUT I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT!

THE BATMAN CAUTIOUSLY STEPS INSIDE. FAILING TO NOTICE HUGE HANDS....



SUDDENLY THE LIGHT FLASHES ON! THE BATMAN IS IN THE HANDS OF THE MONSTERS!!



ER.. GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN!



WHEN... A VOICE!

CAUGHT! AND VERY NEATLY TOO!

AH! I EXPECTED TO SEE YOUR UGLY FACE AROUND HERE I HAD A HUNCH YOU WERE BEHIND THIS WE MEET AGAIN PROFESSOR STRANGE!



NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL LIVE VERY LONG. GRANT ME A DYING MAN'S REQUEST AND TELL ME HOW YOU'VE CREATED THESE MONSTERS, AND WHY?

WITH THE GREATEST OF PLEASURE MY DEAR BATMAN. IF YOU WILL LOOK CLOSELY YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THEIR PICTURES IN THE PAPERS. THEY ARE THE ESCAPED LUNATICS....



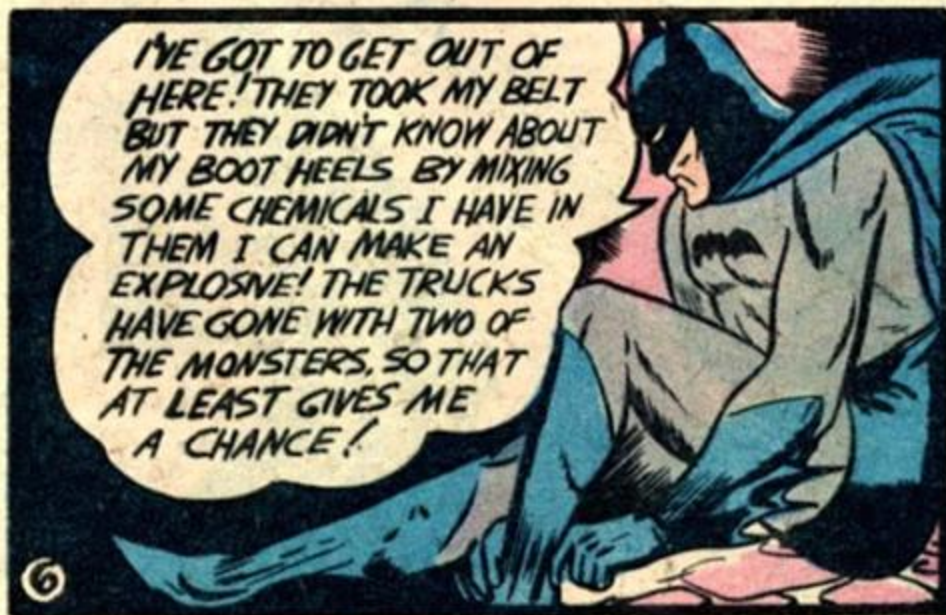
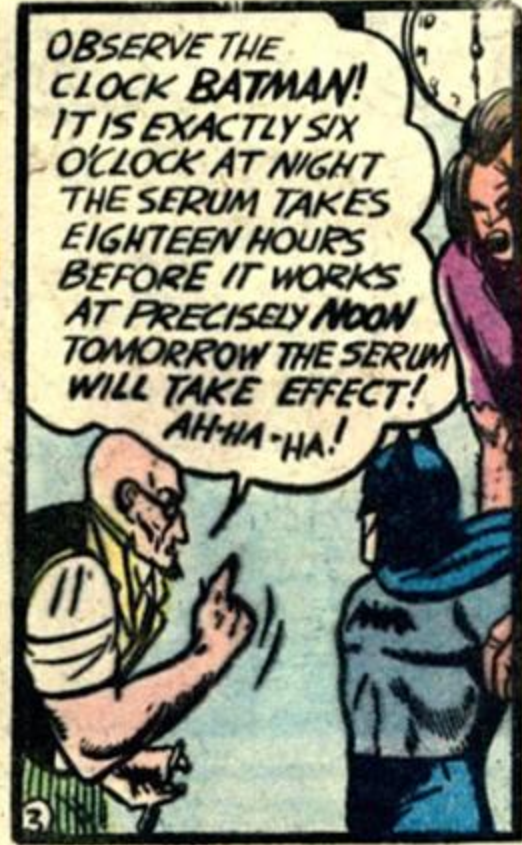
...AND THESE ARE MONSTERS. I MADE THEM SO! I DISCOVERED AN EXTRACT THAT SPEEDS UP THE GROWTH GLANDS, I INJECT THIS FLUID INTO A NORMAL MAN THE SUDDEN GROWTH NOT ONLY DISTORTS THE BODY BUT ALSO THE BRAIN - AND SOON HE IS A MONSTER!!

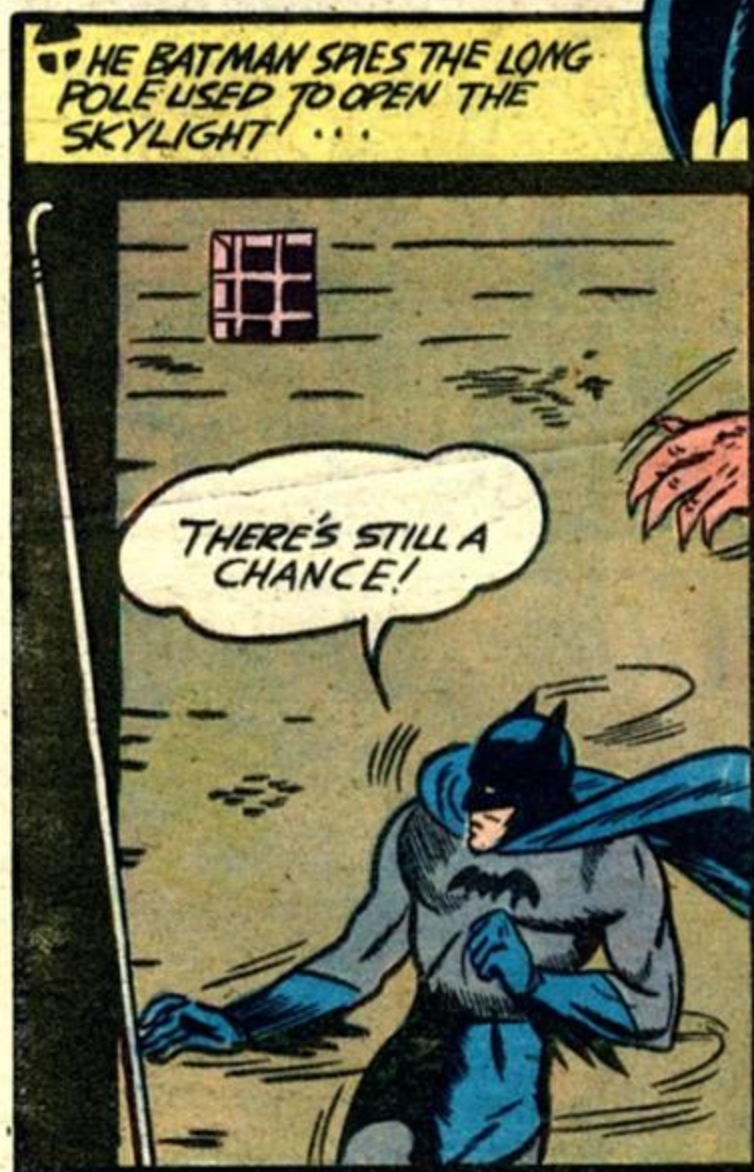
I HAVE SENT OUT A MONSTER IN CLOTHES OF BULLET PROOF MATERIAL SO THAT THE PUBLIC AND THE POLICE MAY BE ER.. ACQUAINTED WITH HIM. TOMORROW I SHALL SEND OUT TWO MONSTERS AND WHILE THE POLICE ARE CONCERNED WITH THEM MY MEN WILL LOOT THE BANKS. CLEVER ISN'T IT? YOU KNOW, AT TIMES I AM AMAZED AT MY OWN GENIUS!

AN EVIL GENIUS, STRANGE!



REMOVE HIS BELT OF GAS CAPSULES... I WANT NO ESCAPE... I AM GOING TO INJECT THIS FLUID INTO YOU! YOU, DEAR BATMAN, ARE TO BE A MONSTER! A MONSTER! HA-HA-HA

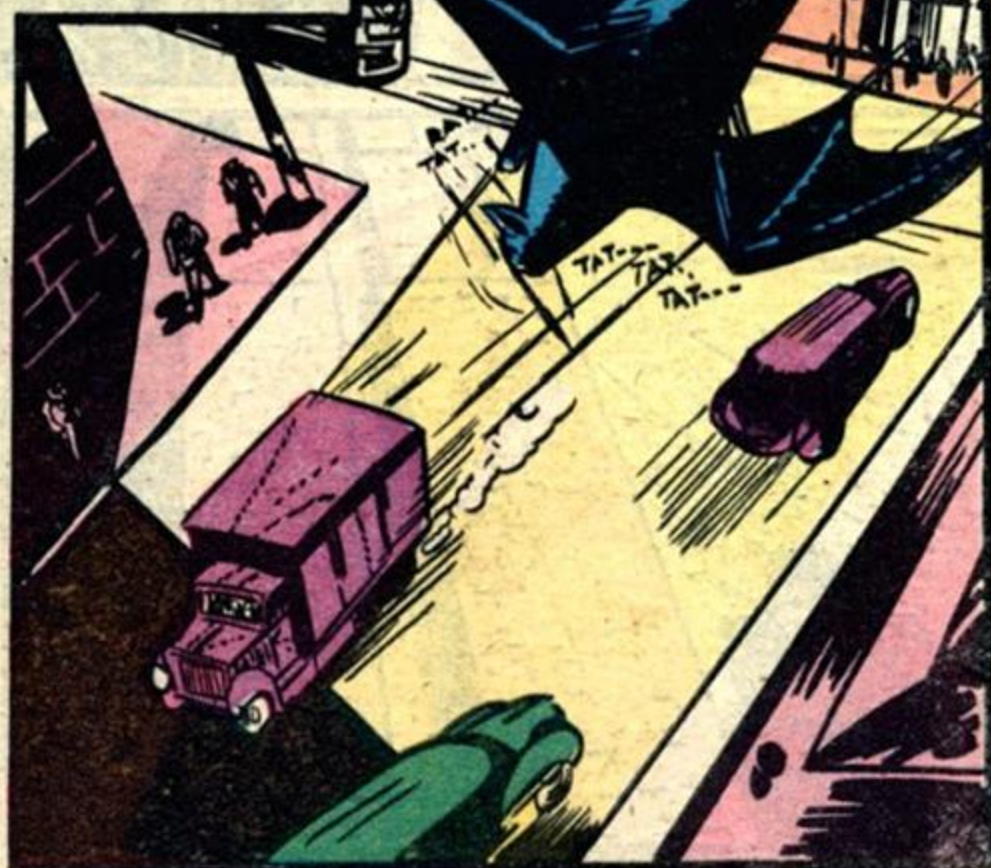
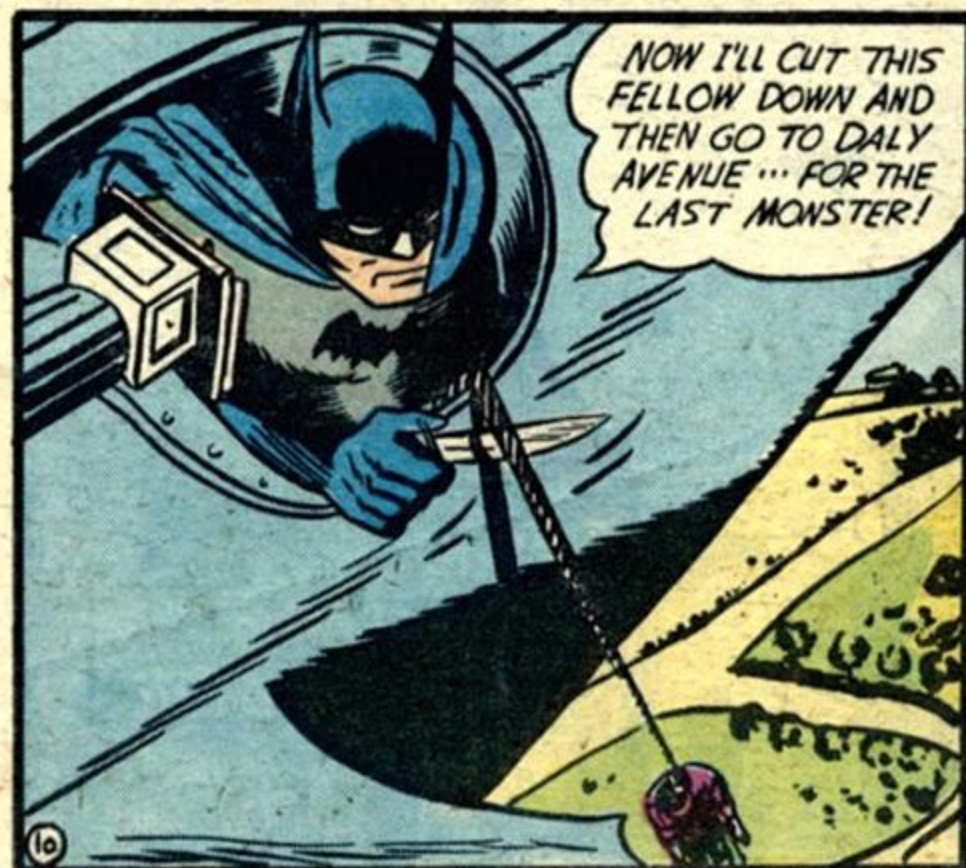
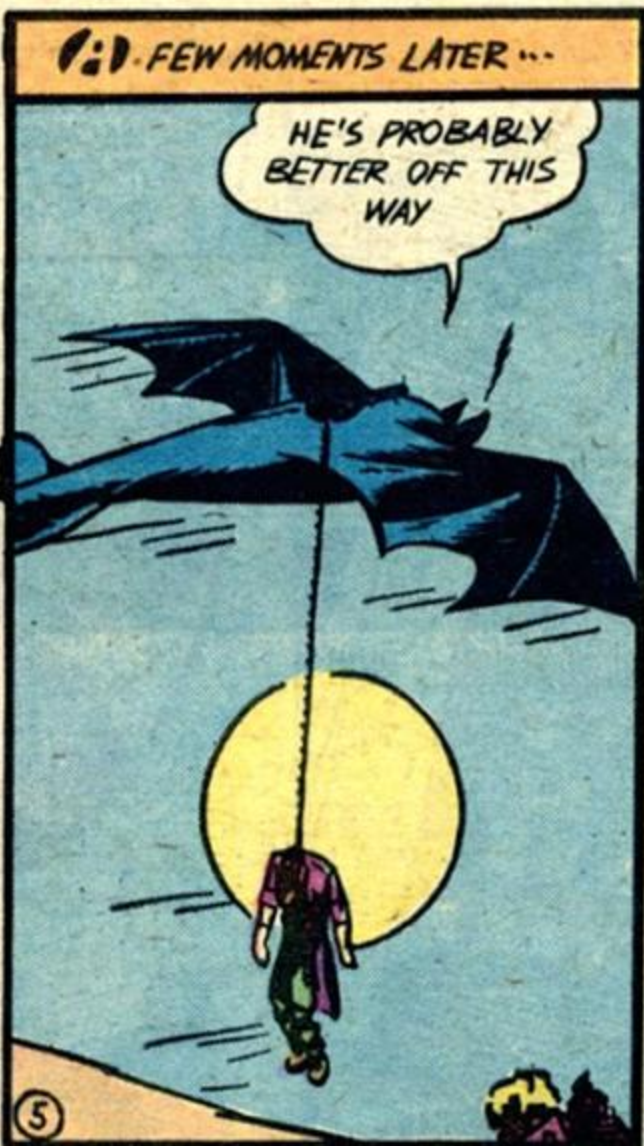
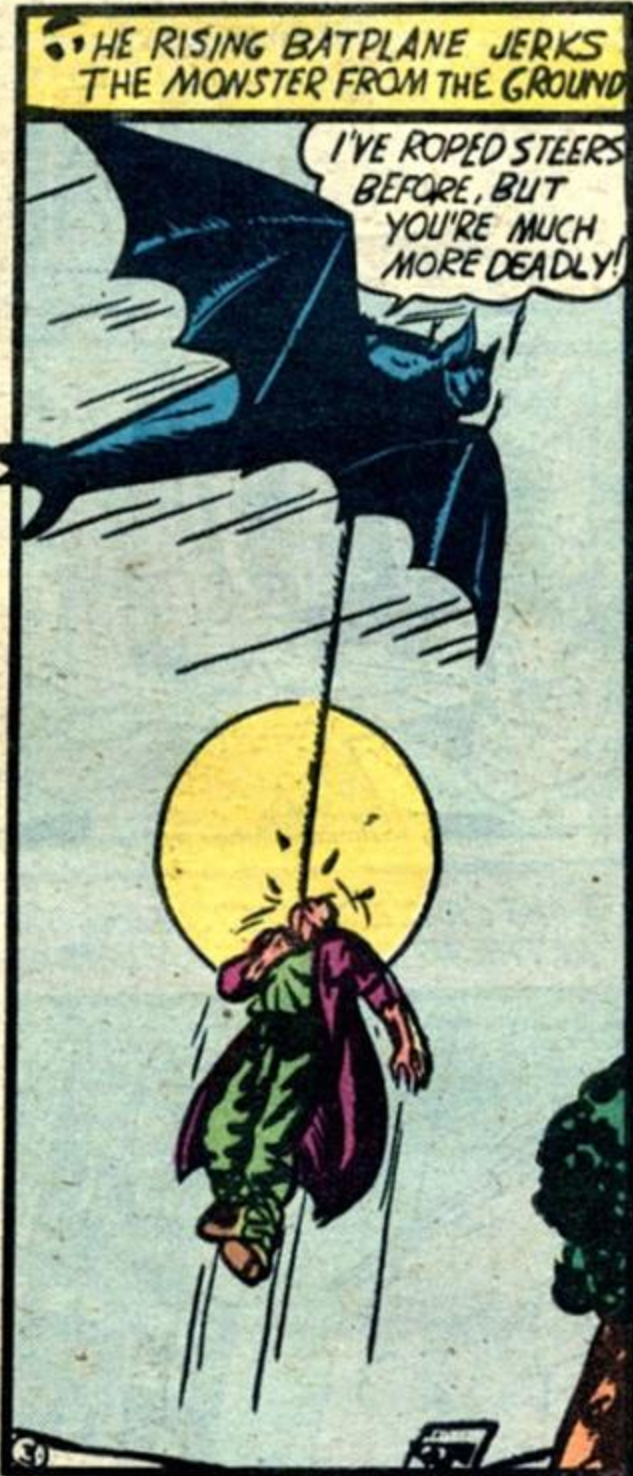








PUBLIC
DOMAIN





• HE BULLET PROOF CLOTHES PROTECT THE MONSTER...



IF BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM - I KNOW WHAT WILL!

• HIS TIME FROM THE BATPLANE GAS PELLETS!!



• AS THE GAS TAKES EFFECT THE MONSTER ONCE MORE SEES THE BATPLANE... SHAKES HIS HANDS DEFIANTLY...



...AND THEN TOPPLES OFF TO HIS DOOM!!



BOB RAYNE

THE **BATMAN**

APPEARING EVERY MONTH IN DETECTIVE COMICS

STRICTLY PUBLICITY

By
GUY MONROE

"IT JUST isn't possible!" The Chief was saying. "A guy can't be killed when he's all alone in a room, with the door and windows barred *from the inside* and covered with steel shutters!"

"There's always the suicide angle," young Terry Gallant put in.

The chief snorted. "Look, Terry; you're one of the smartest young detectives on the force, but when you say 'suicide,' you're crazy! A guy can't shoot himself without a gun, can he?"

"Definitely not," Terry admitted. "But look, Chief, tell me how the whole thing worked out, will you? I just happened *not* to be listening to Barlow's radio program at the time of his death."

"Well, he was getting off his usual line of homespun drivel for his twenty million radio listeners, and giving them that old, old routine of his about being afraid for his life because he'd made a lot of enemies in the course of his helping so many people out of scrapes with unscrupulous characters——"

"And then?" Terry prompted.

"And then the radio audience heard a noise sort of like a sharp clap of the hands, then a terrific roar, then silence."

Terry got up. "Chief you can hand out the story that Barton Barlow committed suicide. I'll have all the details later."

With that, Terry Gallant left Headquarters and headed for the residence of the late Barton Barlow. And the Chief had confidence enough in Terry's detective ability to feel pretty certain that Terry would be able to substantiate his theory that Barlow had not been murdered

——that he had, indeed, taken his own life. Accordingly the Chief gave that story to the reporters, promising them all the details for their next edition. Neither the Chief nor the reporters were dissatisfied, for Terry was gone for less than an hour.

When he returned to Headquarters, the Chief's office was filled with newspapermen. And with rare concern for press deadlines, Terry didn't waste any time in telling the rest of the story.

"Barlow killed himself, all right," Terry said.

"Then what did he do with the gun—swallow it?" asked a reporter.

Terry ignored the question, considering it too facetious to warrant notice. "Let's start at the beginning," he said. "We all know that Barton Barlow was probably the greatest publicity hound the country ever produced. He'd do anything to get his name in the papers—and he's been mighty successful at it. He's a nationally known figure, and he has twenty million radio listeners. He's had a big income for years. And the biggest angle he had for publicity was that business of yelling that he expected to be bumped off at any moment. Most of that, as we all realize, was phoney."

"But he's dead," a newspaperman put in.

"Sure—by his own hand. In spite of the fact that he had a huge income, he was living beyond his means. He was deeply in debt, and on top of that the Federal government was on the verge of indicting him for income tax evasion. That would have been pretty hard for a

'righteous' guy like Barlow to take. All in all, he was badly jammed up, so he decided to kill himself, like the cowardly phoney he was."

"I still want to know," the first reporter said sarcastically, "did he eat the gun?"

Terry shook his head. "No, the gun's there. All you have to do is look for it. Concealed in a recess behind a light fixture. There's also a small electro-magnet which operates from a flashlight battery, and a very sensitive diaphragm such as you'd find in a telephone. And, you see, there was one thing that happened before the shot that gave me the clue—there was a sharp noise like the clapping of hands. It was indeed just that, and that sharp noise was just enough to disturb the diaphragm, break the electro-magnetic contact, and allow a lever to hit the trigger of the gun which killed Barlow! He wanted to kill himself in a very mysterious manner—a manner which would cause much speculation in the newspapers."

The newspapermen were running from the room, heading for telephones, anxious to get the solution of the story into the next editions of their papers.

Terry grinned at the Chief. "See? Barlow was a publicity hound in life, and he's still one in death! He'll be on the front pages of every paper in the country! A pretty good man, at that!"

The Chief lighted a fresh cigar. "You're not a bad man yourself, Terry my boy!"

Terry grinned back at him. "Remember that, will you, Chief, next time I come up for promotion?" THE END

MEET THE ARTIST!

READERS, meet Bob Kane, creator of THE BATMAN! Realizing that people like to know something about the men who draw their favorite cartoon-strips, we induced Bob to sit down at a typewriter and dash off a few pertinent facts about his life. He complained that a drawing-board—and not a typewriter—was his natural means of artistic expression, but he did manage to hammer out a sort of synopsis about himself.

On top of that, we felt that we should have a picture of Bob to grace this page. We asked him to bring us one. "Sure," he said, "I'll take care of that." But as the days went by, and publication date came nearer and nearer, we still had no picture. Finally we had to sit Bob down at a drawing board, hold him there until a photographer could be called in from another floor of the building—and we finally got our picture!

Bob Kane was born twenty-four years ago in New York City, and has spent most of his life in the big town. As you might expect, his primary interest has always been in drawing. His work has appeared in a long list of national magazines. For some time Bob was a straight "comic" artist, specializing in drawings of a humorous nature. When the trend swung toward the adventure type of drawing, Bob was quick to see that therein lay his future, and though the abrupt change in drawing technique necessitated plenty of hard labor on his part, the phenomenal success of THE BATMAN is proof enough that Bob was capable of making the transition. It hasn't been easy, and it isn't easy even now. Anyone who thinks a comic artist has an easy life should take a look at Bob Kane's working-schedule. It's an unusual week which doesn't find Bob at the drawing board on seven consecutive days. The saving grace about it all is the fact that he enjoys his work, though he does admit that he might like to have a



little vacation come summer—three days in a row, or something like that.

Bob has spent a good deal of time in the North woods, hunting and fishing (before THE BATMAN took up all his time, of course). He loves outdoor life in all its phases. For a time he worked as seaman on a boat plying South American waters, and he says that he feels that this contact with all sorts of people, plus the satisfaction of seeing parts of the world absolutely foreign to the environment of New York, has been of great help to him in humanizing the characters which he draws.

Bob is certainly not a copyist; his work shows a definite originality and freshness which has attracted many fervent fans. He studies

constantly, striving always to improve his work. If he has a free hour or two, he is very likely to spend it at one of the local medical colleges studying anatomy, for he well realizes that only by a thorough knowledge of bone and muscle structure is an artist able to inject into his drawings the true expression of action and motion which is so necessary to this type of art.

Bob Kane has worked hard, is still working hard, and will continue to work hard to give you just the sort of thing which you have come to expect in THE BATMAN. We predict ever-increasing success for both the artist and the creation of his facile pen. And they both deserve that success!

—THE EDITOR

BATMAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

ONCE MORE THAT EERIE FIGURE OF THE NIGHT, THE **BATMAN** AND HIS YOUNG AIDE THAT LAUGHING DARE-DEVIL THAT YOUNG ROBIN HOOD OF TODAY **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER FIND THEMSELVES SWIMMING IN TROUBLED WATERS! A YACHT SAILS A SEA OF INTRIGUE WHILE ABOARD HER DECK LURKS AN UNSEEN MENACE A FIGURE SHROUDED BY AN AURA OF MYSTERY!

BY

BOB
KANE

AMONG THE GUESTS WALKS A YOUNG STEWARD DICK GRAYSON WHO IS IN REALITY... **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER!



HOW DOES HE COME HERE?

WHY?
IT HAD COME ABOUT WHEN...

BRUCE WAYNE...THE **BATMAN** HAD READ ALOUD THIS ITEM IN THE NEWSPAPER...

SOCIETY

MRS. JOHN TRAVERS IS TAKING A GROUP OF SELECTED GUESTS ON A TRIP ABOARD HER YACHT, THE DOLPHIN. MRS. TRAVERS WILL WEAR HER FAMOUS EMERALD NECKLACE THAT IS WORTH AT HALF A MILLION AT A MASQUERADE PARTY AT WHICH THE



PUBLIC DOMAIN

(1) DICK "PUMPS" ONE OF THE REGULAR STEWARDS!

MUST BE A NICE FELLOW, HER NEPHEW TO ESCORT AN OLD WOMAN AROUND LIKE THAT!

HUH, HIM? HE'S A RAT... PROBABLY HANGING AROUND TO GET SOME MONEY OUT OF HER! HE'S ALWAYS BORROWING DOUGH FROM HIS AUNT MRS TRAVERS!



THEY ALL TRY TO GET DOUGH OUT OF HER! SEE THAT GUY WHO JUST WALKED OVER? THAT'S HER DOCTOR... WALLACE. GAMBLES ALL HIS DOUGH AWAY... AND THEN HE BORROWS MONEY FROM MRS. TRAVERS! I BET HE OWES HER PLENTY!... PLENTY!

SOMETIME LATER AS DICK PASSES A CABIN...

VOICES! SOUNDS LIKE A QUARREL!

NO! I WON'T LEND YOU A CENT, ROGER AND THAT'S FINAL!

BUT I NEED IT TO COVER MY STOCK LOSSES! PLEASE!

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE MY BROTHER, DOESN'T MEAN I MUST FINANCE ALL YOUR STUPID PLUNGES IN THE STOCK MARKET!

I'LL BE RUINED! AND YOU'LL BE THE CAUSE OF IT ALL! I'LL GET THAT MONEY SOMEHOW SOMEWAY!

WHEW! LOOKS LIKE THIS YACHT ISN'T THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR A NECKLACE WORTH A HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!



AS HE TURNS A CORNER HE SEES DENNY FURTIVELY THROW A PAPER OVER THE RAIL!

IF EVER A GUY LOOKED GUILTY ABOUT SOMETHING HE DOES! WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT PAPER?



BY A QUEER QUIRK OF FATE, THE WIND SEIZES THE PAPER AND TOSSES IT BACK ON DECK...

WHAT A BREAK! NOW TO READ IT!





THE LETTER!

Keep your aunt away from room!
Will they then!
- the Cat



THE CAT! MRS TRAVERS IS KEEPING HER NECKLACE IN HER ROOM TILL THE BIG PARTY LATER! I'D BETTER GET TO THE ROOM RIGHT AWAY!



SUDDENLY A SCREAM SPLITS THE NIGHT AIR!

I'VE BEEN ROBBED! MY NECKLACE HAS BEEN STOLEN! HELP QUICK...

TOO LATE! THE CATS GOT HERE FIRST!



I HAD THIS PRIVATE DETECTIVE GUARDING MY SAFE... AND WHEN I CAME HERE I FOUND HIM LIKE THIS! OH! MY NECKLACE GONE! OH DENNY, WHAT WILL I DO?

NECKLACE GONE??

DON'T WORRY. MARTHA... WE'LL FIND IT FOR YOU!



HELLOOOO THERE! STAND BY!

AT THAT MOMENT A BOAT APPROACHES... CLEAVING THE MURKY WATERS!



SWIFTLY IT DRAWS ALONG SIDE THE YACHT... ITS FORM INDISTINCT BECAUSE OF THE DENSE FOG!

WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHO ARE YOU?

COAST GUARD! WE'RE COMING ABOARD!



COAST GUARD!... POLICE!... THEY'LL FIND MY NECKLACE!

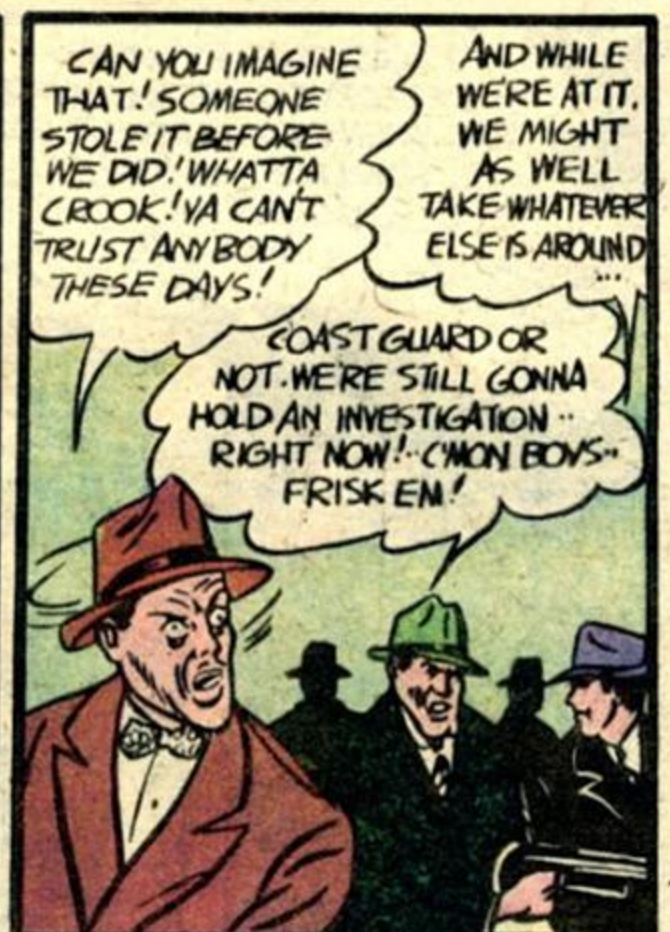
I'LL FETCH THEM HERE AT ONCE!

OF COURSE THEY WILL!

BUT INSTEAD OF THE COAST GUARD... QUITE THE REVERSE!

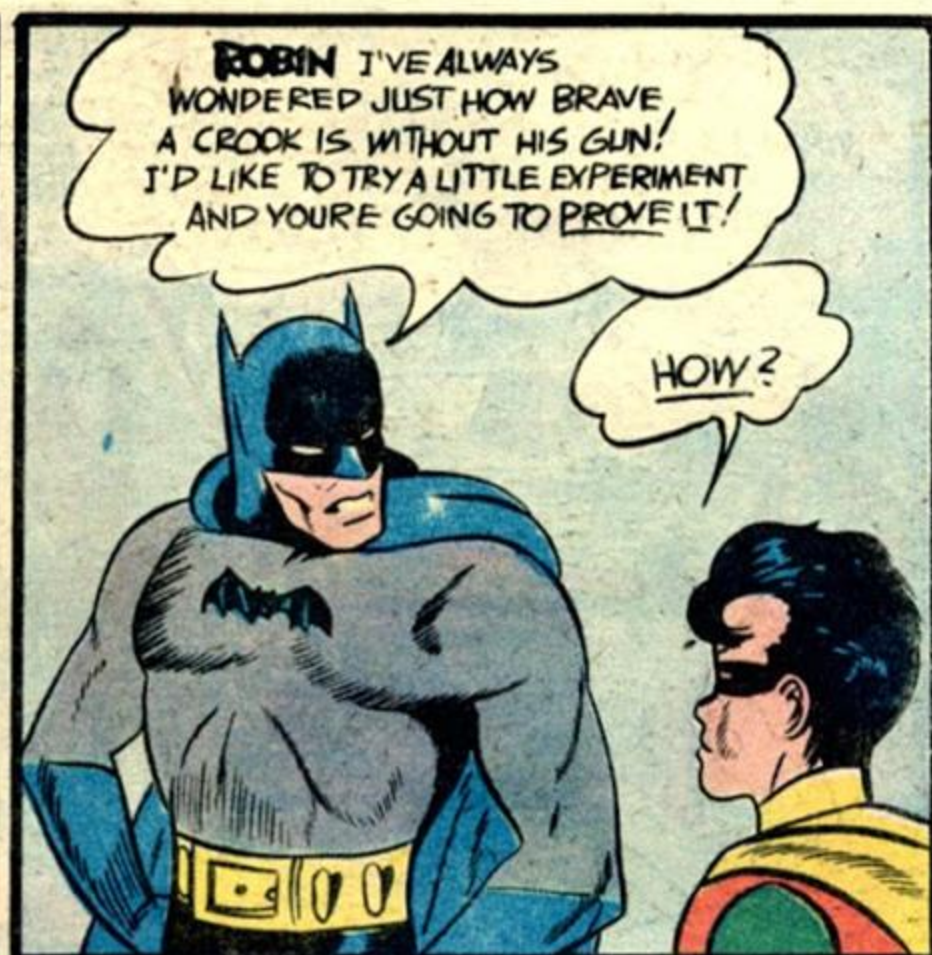
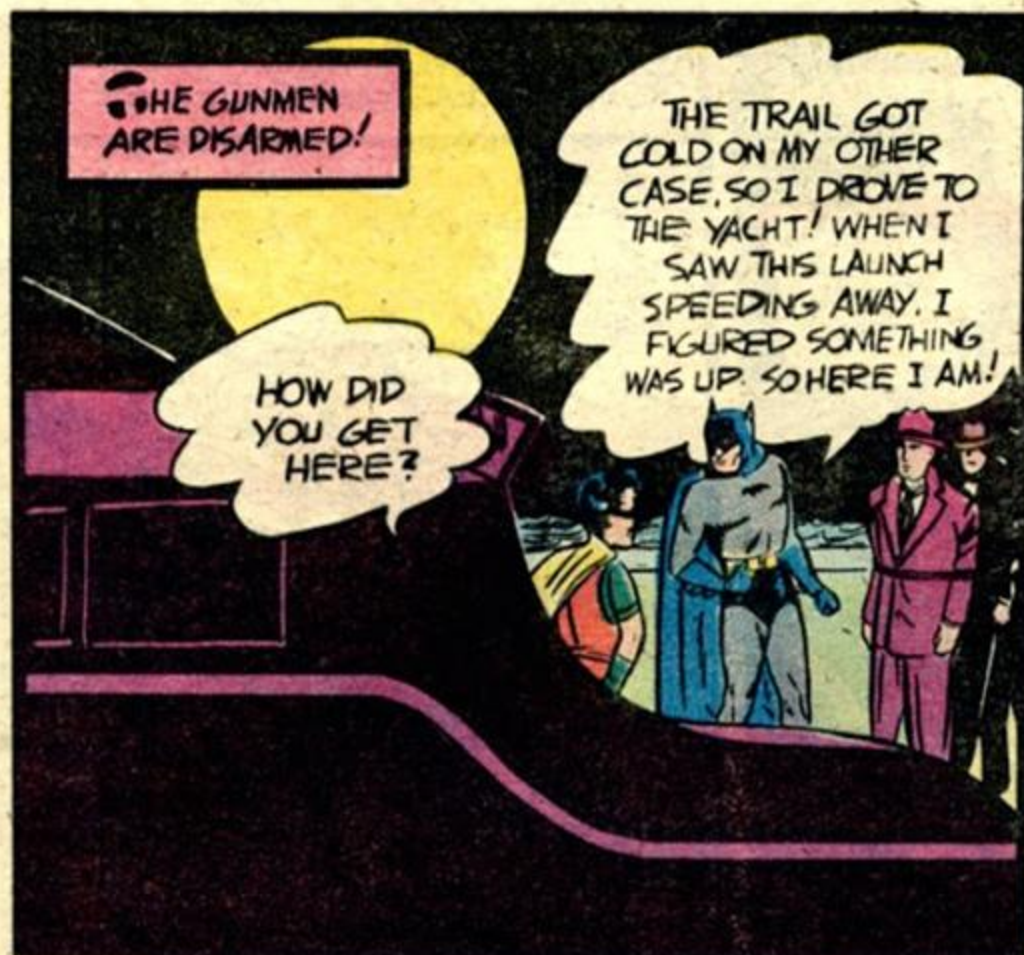


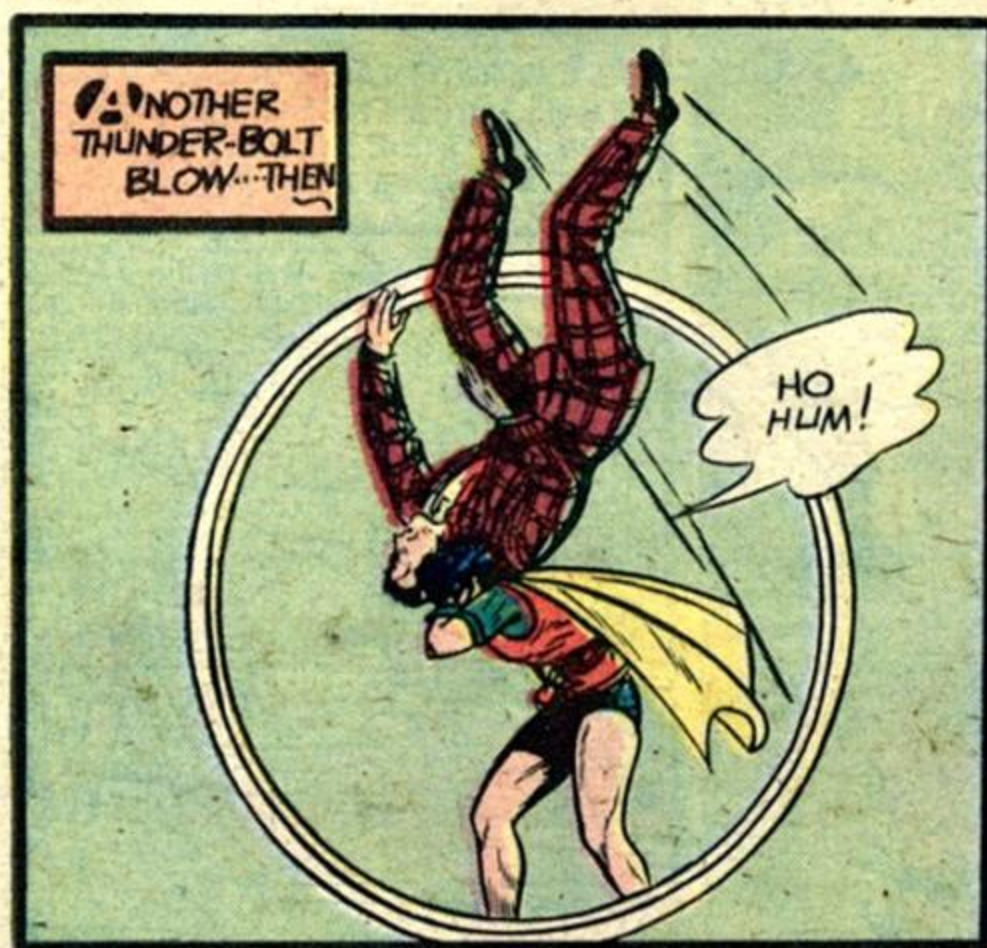
ON A FEW MOMENTS ALL THE CREW IS LOCKED BELOW AND THE GUESTS LINED UP ON DECK...

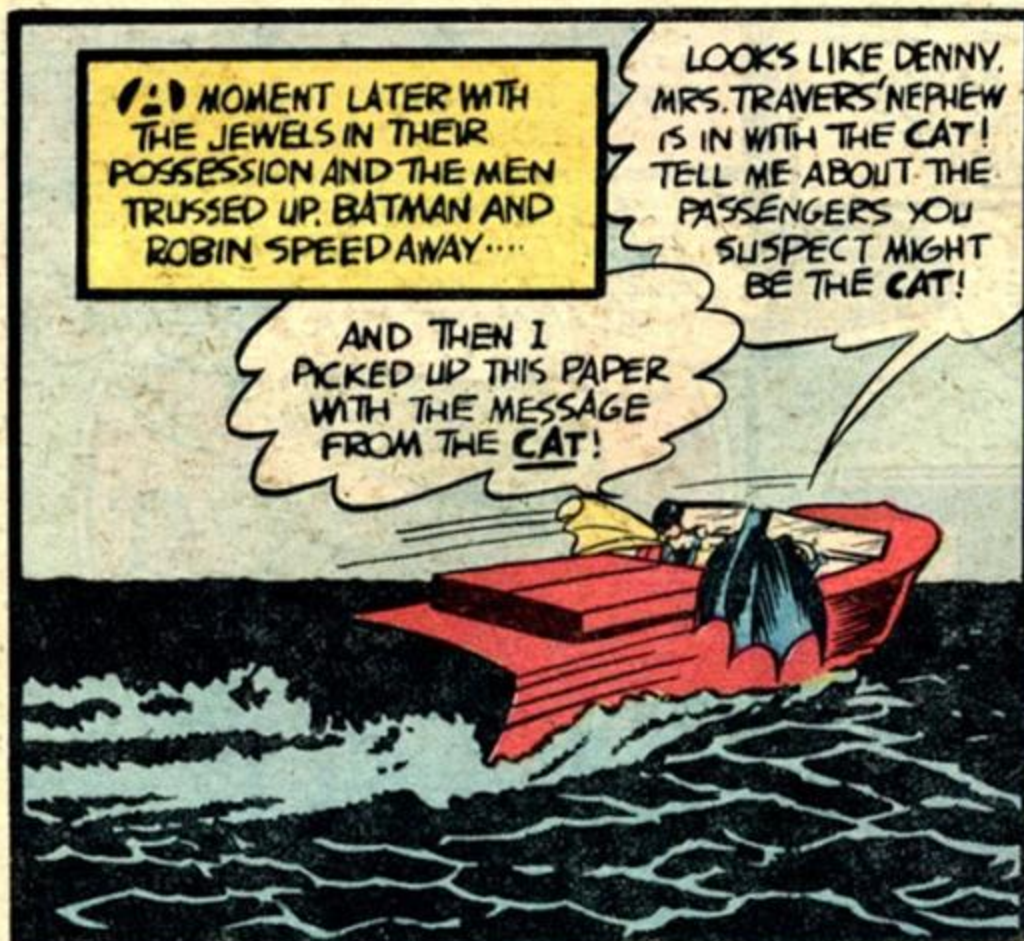












MOMENT LATER WITH THE JEWELS IN THEIR POSSESSION AND THE MEN TRUSSSED UP. BATMAN AND ROBIN SPEED AWAY....

AND THEN I PICKED UP THIS PAPER WITH THE MESSAGE FROM THE CAT!

LOOKS LIKE DENNY, MRS. TRAVERS' NEPHEW IS IN WITH THE CAT! TELL ME ABOUT THE PASSENGERS YOU SUSPECT MIGHT BE THE CAT!



LOOKS THAT WAY DOESN'T IT... BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL! NOW LISTEN...

...SO IT'S EITHER HER GAMBLING DOCTOR WALLACE OR HER STOCK-PLAYING BROTHER ROGER!



BOARD THE YACHT THE GUESTS ARE TRYING TO FORGET THEIR LOSSES BY HOLDING A MASQUERADE PARTY

...AND NOW I WILL AWARD THIS CUP TO THE PERSON WHO HAS THE MOST ORIGINAL COSTUME...

WHY AREN'T YOU IN COSTUME, MISS PEGGS?

I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT SORT OF THING BESIDES MY ANKLE IT BOTHERS ME TOO MUCH! THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME UP THE STEPS!



AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE STEPS DOWN FROM THE STAIRWAY ONTO THE DIAS DRESSED IN A WEIRD COSTUME

...LOOK.. WHAT A STRANGE COSTUME!

HE OUGHT TO GET THE PRIZE!!

HE'S DRESSED AS THE BATMAN WHAT A CLEVER IDEA!



AN IRONICAL JOKE TAKES PLACE!!

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED THAT YOUR COSTUME OF THE BATMAN IS THE MOST ORIGINAL HERE TONIGHT.. THE CUP IS YOURS!!

THANK YOU I ACCEPT THE CUP AND NOW, IF I MAY, I WOULD LIKE TO FILL IT WITH...

WITH DRINK SIR?



...NO DEAR LADY, WITH YOUR STOLEN PROPERTY! I HAVE RECOVERED IT.. YOU SEE.. I REALLY AM ..THE BATMAN!

THE BATMAN HE R-REALLY IS...!!!

OUR MONEY AND JEWELS!

BATMAN.. IN PERSON.. HOW THRILLING!!!



AT THAT MOMENT THE LOUD CLANGING OF A BELL IS HEARD THE FIRE ALARM!

FIRE ALARM.. THE SHIP IS ON FIRE.. GET TO THE LIFE BOATS!

AS THE PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE DASH OUT...THE BATMAN NOTICES A STRANGE THING...MISS PEGGS IS RUNNING LIKE A MUCH YOUNGER PERSON...AND WITHOUT A LIMP!!

IT WORKED!...THERE GOES MISS PEGGS NICE LEGS FOR AN OLD WOMAN!



THE CAPTAIN APPEARS AND SHOUTS OUT WORDS THAT ALMOST HYPNOTIZE THE PEOPLE TO ORDER...

STOP!...THERE'S NO FIRE! IT'S A FALSE ALARM! SOME CRAZY FOOL MUST HAVE SET THE ALARM OFF AS A JOKE!!!



A FALSE ALARM...I WONDER...THE BATMAN...HE'S AFTER ME!!...IT'S A TRAP!



BUT EVEN AS SHE DESCENDS THE STAIRS...A FIGURE HURTTLES AFTER HER!



ROBIN...THE BOY WONDER...COMES THROUGH AGAIN!!

MY MOTHER TOLD ME NEVER TO FIGHT WITH A LADY...BUT THIS TIME I'M MAKING AN EXCEPTION!!



THE BATMAN TAKES CHARGE!

...NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE REAL CAT LOOKS LIKE!...I'VE HEARD TALES ABOUT THE CAT BEFORE IN THE 'UNDERWORLD!'

I CAN HARDLY WAIT!



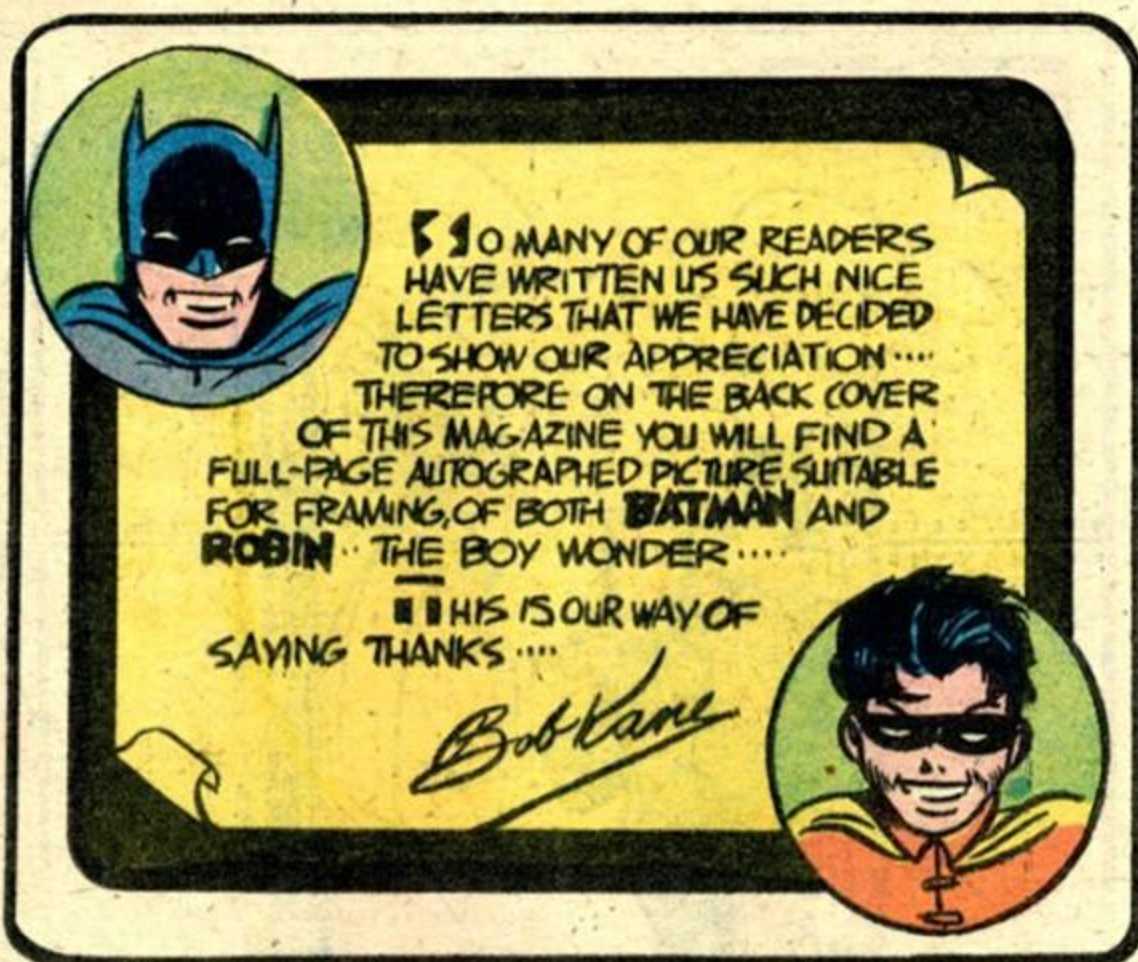
BLACK HAIR IS REVEALED UNDER THE GREY WIG!

FIRST...OFF WITH THE WIG!

YOU... YOU...!!

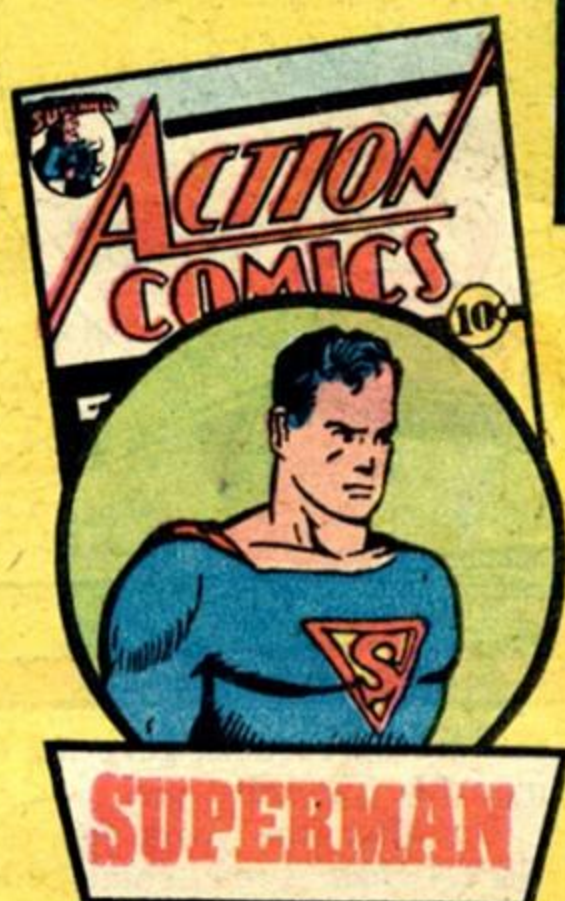






THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!

Watch for these Headline
Features Every Month!



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 23RD
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 7TH
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 5TH
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 20TH
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 1ST
OF EVERY MONTH

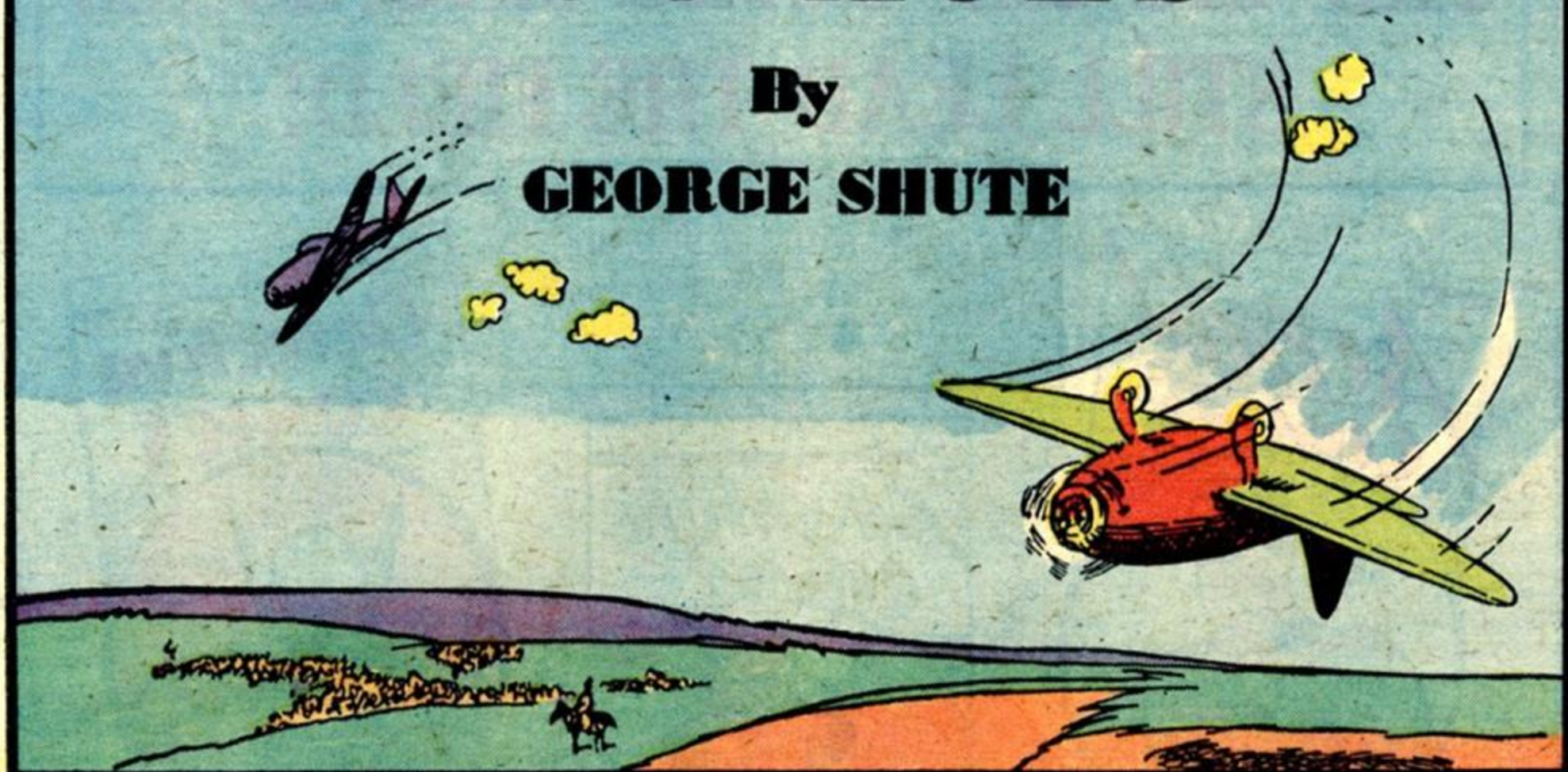


ON SALE ABOUT
THE 15TH
OF EVERY MONTH

TWO ACES

By

GEORGE SHUTE



VISIBILITY excellent; ceiling unlimited. Those were the things Lieutenant Bill Wayne of the United States Navy Air Corps had just concluded reporting. He hadn't said what he thought; that might have meant disciplining.

What he had thought was this: "The nerve of that inventor, Doctor Synce, getting a Navy flier to carry his precious plans from Pensacola to the Coast. After all, that spy talk is silly. A regular transport could have run them just as well."

Wayne's eyes strayed to the instrument board. Everything was in perfect order. His eyes sought the horizon, watched a solitary plane zoom through the skies. Mechanically, into Wayne's mind flashed the thought that the pilot of the strange plane was flying below required altitude level.

"Another amateur," he grumbled. "Those prairie pilots will never learn." Beneath him, the colorless stretch of Texas wasteland rolled on endlessly, dotted now and then with herds resembling giant ants in sluggish mood.

Suddenly, Wayne stiffened. The plane ahead was closing the distance between them with the speed of a meteor. "That's no amateur," Wayne muttered. "That guy's a real pilot." He didn't know why, but there came from the past a picture the years hadn't been able to wipe out. Twenty-two

years ago

That time, he had been easing his Spad home, back to the disciplining he would get, despite being an ace, for losing his squadron. They had gone into a cloud bank and then disappeared from sight. Unable to find them, he started home.

Then, streaking like a comet, had come the most feared plane in the air: Von Berket's "FIRE-BIRD," with 28 planes to its credit. For almost an hour, Wayne and Von Berket had fought, using every trick of aerial combat. And then, when Wayne's hands were so tired he could hardly grip his machine gun, a miracle had happened. Flame belched from Von Berket's engine. Like a flash, Wayne was behind him, ready to send a hail of death into the enemy's back.

But something had stayed his hand. That something was the love of a sportsman, a gentleman and an officer, for one who had shown fair play.

It was Bill Wayne who had pulled Von Berket to safety from the German plane after it dropped on French soil.

And it was Bill Wayne who visited him in the field hospital and found a boy like himself. Both aces. Admiration had ripened into friendship, a pact almost, because Von Berket gave Bill his Iron Cross. And Wayne, who nev-

er wore his medals, gave the German his fraternity pin.

But that was years ago. Von Berket had been enmeshed in Nazi politics since, seemed to have dropped out of sight, while he, Bill Wayne, had been reduced to flying military plans for scared inventors.

Wayne started to yawn, but that yawn was never quite completed. He shook his head in disbelief. The other plane was above him, executing a tricky aerial maneuver, trying to get onto his tail and force him down!

Wayne waved him away excitedly. "What's the fool trying to do!" he fumed. "Show off?" He yelled over the cockpit, then ducked. A stream of bullets initiated the left side of his fuselage.

Instantly, Wayne's nerves tightened. This was war again, a fight to the finish! The inventor had been right! Somebody was after those plans, and the somebody was above him! Well, let the dirty spies come!

Wayne went into a roll, straightened, pulled back on the stick. This guy was crazy, attacking a Navy plane. Wayne's engine roared as the ship nosed up. Wayne ticked his gun button. Splattity . . . splattity . . . splattity . . . his bullets chattered beneath the other plane's belly, sending it up for altitude.

Warily they fought. And the

longer they fought, the greater was Bill Wayne's admiration for his adversary. This guy, whoever he was, could handle a plane. And he sure had nerve to try forcing a Navy flier down.

War in peacetime! Wayne's heart was singing a symphony of lead as he matched trick for trick with his opponent. It was like two champions in the ring, both skilled in footwork, both adept with their hands, each possessing powerful punches. And below, a herd of cattle grazed contentedly.

Then it happened. The attacker went high, winged over in an Immelmann turn. Wayne almost screamed with joy. This was a fatal mistake on the enemy's part. He would have gotten away with it with almost any other flier in the Navy.

But not with Bill Wayne! Because it was just that trick—a trick Von Berket had perfected and that he had shown to Bill—

that had made Bill a greater ace. Wayne knew the defense and the offense for it.

His motor roared as he side-slipped, then climbed. In an instant, his inside loop carried him behind the other plane. He saw the pilot stiffen in his seat as the bullets hit.

A long plume of black smoke marked the plane's progress to the ground. The explosion wrote the end.

Two cowboys were staring at the burning wreckage as Bill Wayne three-pointed onto the bumpy land and ran over, gun in hand.

"Burned to death, mister, that feller did!" The cowboy's eyes were mournful. "We tried to help him. Too late. His shoes are over in that sagebrush. What happened? Who's he?"

Wayne's eyes caught the glimmer of gold beneath a shred of canvas. He picked it up, looked at the Greek letters.

There was no doubt about it. The broken clasp was still there, just as it had been when he had handed it to Von Berket ages ago in a field hospital in France.

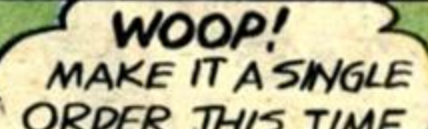
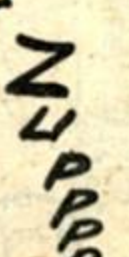
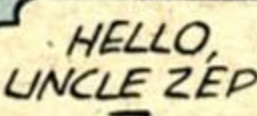
In his throat, the lump seemed to grow bigger as he spoke. "Him?" He really didn't want to talk. "Just a fellow who found out that politics make strange bedfellows." The cowboys stared curiously at him. "You see," Bill explained. "When a man fights for things he can't touch, he'll always lose!"

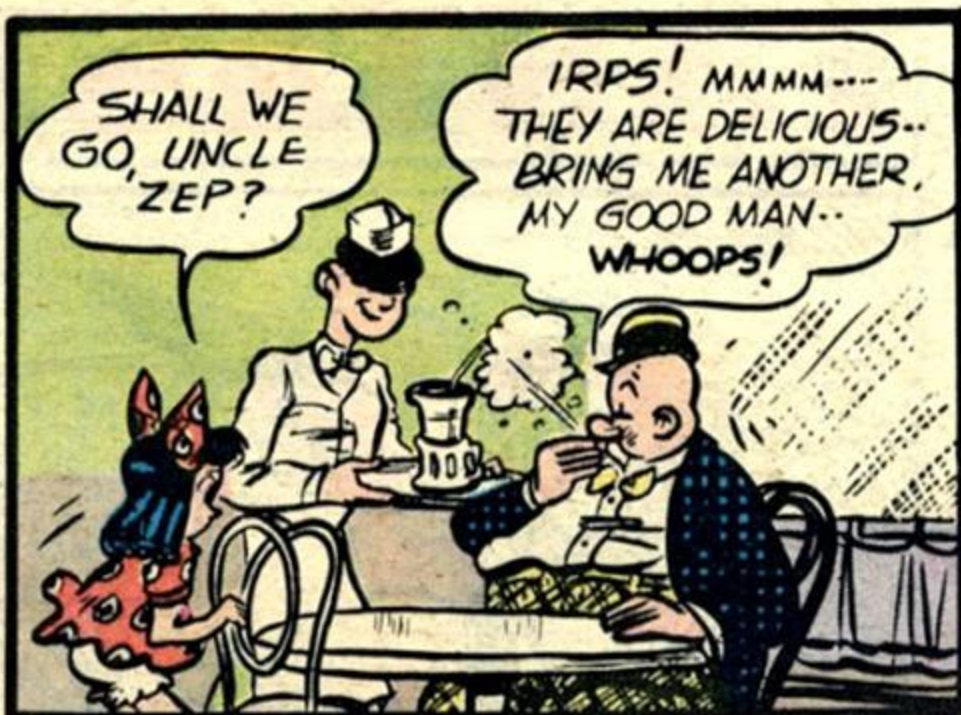
Slowly, he walked toward his plane. But he had already decided that when he made out his report, he wouldn't mention anything about Von Berket. Because to Bill, Von Berket had died somewhere in Germany! Died a hero; not a spy!

THE END



by Ted Rave





FANTASTIC-FACTS



PUBLIC DOMAIN

BAT MAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

THE JOKER RETURNS..

ONCE AGAIN THAT HARLEQUIN OF HATE... THE **JOKER**... BRINGS GRINNING DEATH TO A TERRIFIED PEOPLE... A MOCKING DOOM FROM WHICH NO ONE CAN ESCAPE... AND ONCE AGAIN TWO HEROIC FIGURES... **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER... PIT THEIR AMAZING SKILL IN A SUPREME EFFORT TO HALT THIS PARADE OF CRIME...



BY

BOB
KANE

LESS THAN TWO DAYS AGO THE **BATMAN** HAD SEEN THE **JOKER** THRUST INTO A CELL TO AWAIT TRIAL IN HIS CELL THE WILY **JOKER** PLANS ESCAPE

JAIL ME, WILL THEY... A MAN OF MY INTELLECT? I'LL ESCAPE AND MAKE THEM PAY FOR THIS INSULT!

ACROSS THE SATURNINE FACE FLITS THE GHASTLY GRIN... THE TERRIBLE SMILE OF THE **JOKER**!

AND THAT **BATMAN** AND THE **BOY**... IF EVER I MEET THEM AGAIN... BUT FIRST I MUST ESCAPE... NOW!!



FROM THE BACK OF HIS MOUTH THE **JOKER** UNSCREWS TWO FALSE TEETH!

INSIDE EACH TOOTH IS A CHEMICAL, WHICH WHEN MIXED TOGETHER, FORMS A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE... MY MEANS OF ESCAPE!



MOMENTS LATER A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION BLOWS A GAPING HOLE IN THE CELL WALL!!

FREEDOM! AU REVOIR GENTLEMAN...TILL WE MEET AGAIN-HA-HA-HA



STARTLING NEWS STIRS BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON!

FLASH! WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE **JOKER** HAS JUST ESCAPED PRISON! AFTER MYSTERIOUSLY BLOWING UP HIS CELL, HE OVERPOWERED TWO GUARDS AND...

WELL I'LL BE...



THE **JOKER** FREE! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

I CAN! HE'S A VERY UNUSUAL MAN! HE'S SHREWD, SLEUTLE AND ABOVE ALL RUTHLESS! MARK MY WORDS, THE **JOKER** WILL RETURN WITH A VENGEANCE!



AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE GHOSTS THROUGH THE GLOOM THAT HANGS OVER THE DECAYING GRAVESTONES OF A DESERTED CEMETARY!



THE PHANTOM LIKE FORM PUSHES AGAINST A CURIOUS GRAVESTONE... THE GROUND SLIPS AWAY REVEALING A YAWNING GAP AT HIS FEET



THE FIGURE DESCENDS INTO THE CRYPT...A LIGHT SWITCHES ON... AND REVEALS **THE JOKER**!!

HERE IN MY LABRATORY I WILL ONCE MORE LET ALL KNOW THAT THE **JOKER** IS STILL IN THE GAME AND IS STILL HIGH CARD!!



ONCE AGAIN AS PEOPLE LISTEN AT RADIOS COMES THAT BREAK...A DEADLY VOICE A MESSAGE OF DOOM!!

AWWK...HEAR ME NOW! TO CHIEF OF POLICE CHALMERS I BRING DEATH...TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK...THE **JOKER** HAS SPOKEN!



PUBLIC DOMAIN



PUBLIC DOMAIN

ONCE MORE THE MOURNFUL VOICE OF THE GRIM JESTER IS HEARD!

AWWK! TO-NIGHT AT EIGHT SHARP I WILL ENTER THE DRAKE MUSEUM AND STEAL THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE... THE **JOKER** HAS SPOKEN!

...AND I'LL STOP YOU... THE **BATMAN** HAS SPOKEN!

THAT NIGHT DETERMINED POLICE GUARD THE PRECIOUS NECKLACE!

THE **JOKER** WOULDN'T DARE SHOW UP!

YOU HOPE!

ALMOST EIGHT O'CLOCK! GOSH! I'M GETTING JUMPY!

AS THE CLOCK STRIKES THE FATAL HOUR, THE LID OF A MUMMY CASE QUIETLY OPENS!

HERE THE MELANCHOLY **JOKER**! AND HIS VENOM GUN!

THE **JOKER**! ...AAAGH!

WHY BE SO SURPRISED, YOU WERE EXPECTING ME!

CLEOPATRA'S NECKLACE... FROM HER LILY-WHITE NECK... WHA...?

I'D LIKE TO PUT MY HANDS AROUND YOUR LILY-WHITE NECK!

FROM THE SHADOWS...

I MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION!

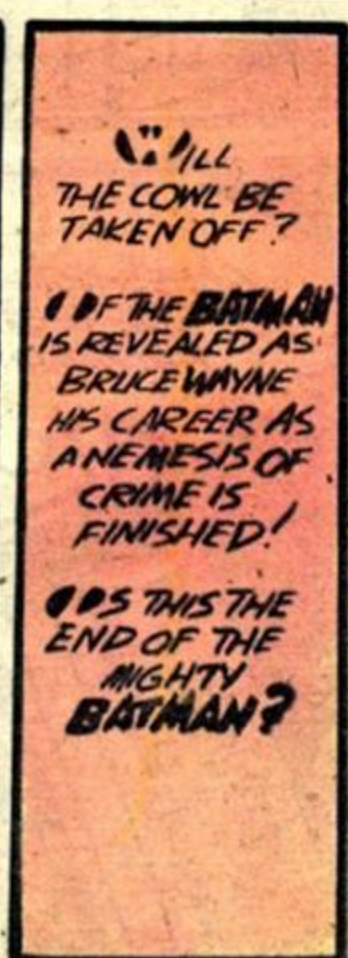
BATMAN! HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

THE MIGHTY **BATMAN** IS UPON THE SURPRISED **JOKER** BEFORE HE CAN USE HIS VENOM GUN!

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH NOW, MR. **JOKER**?

THE **JOKER** FIGHTING WITH THE STRENGTH OF A MADMAN UNLEASHES A SMASHING BLOW!

I WILL YET LAUGH MY FRIEND!





WITH STARTLING ABRUPTNESS
THE INERT FIGURE SPRINGS OFF
THE FLOOR!!

SORRY BOYS BUT
I'M NOT QUITE
READY FOR JAIL!



THE POLICE SEE THE MANTLED
FIGURE LEAP THROUGH THE WINDOW
TO APPARENTLY DROP TO THE
GROUND BELOW!

STOP HIM! HE'S GOING TO
TRY A DROP TO THE GROUND!



BUT WHAT THE POLICE DO NOT SEE IS
THE **BATMAN'S** STRONG HANDS GRASPING
THE EDGE OF THE OVERHANGING ROOF!!
... A SWING OUT ...



... A POWERFUL SHOVE...
A TWIST UPWARD ...

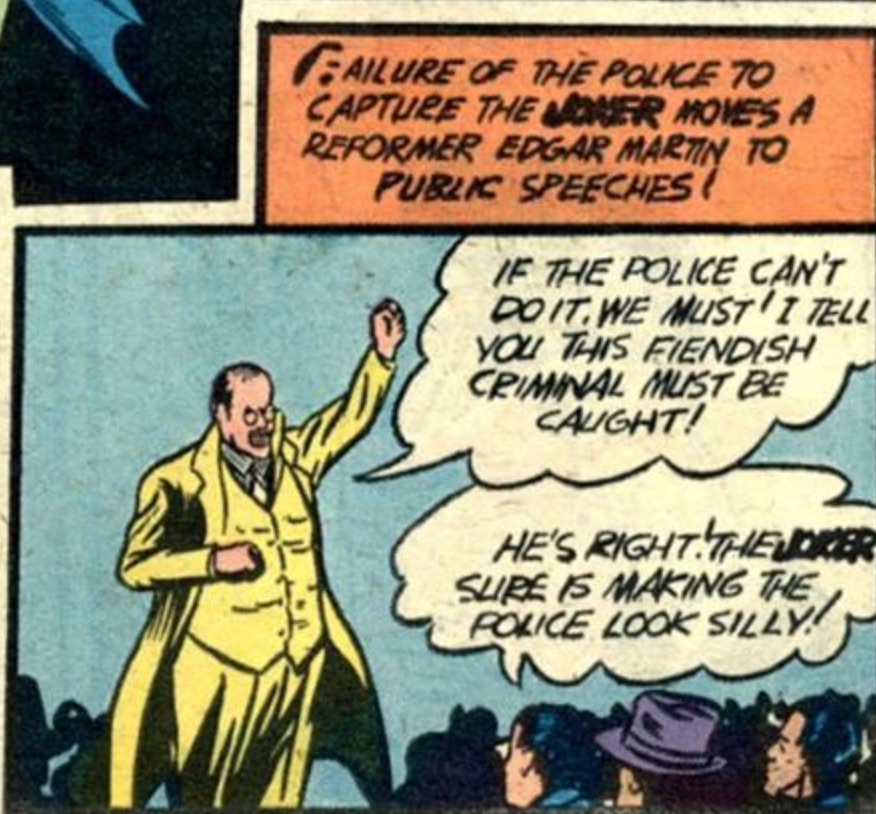


... AND THE **BATMAN** ROLLS UP
OVER THE LIP OF THE ROOF!

NICE TRICK IF I DO IT...
AND I DID!



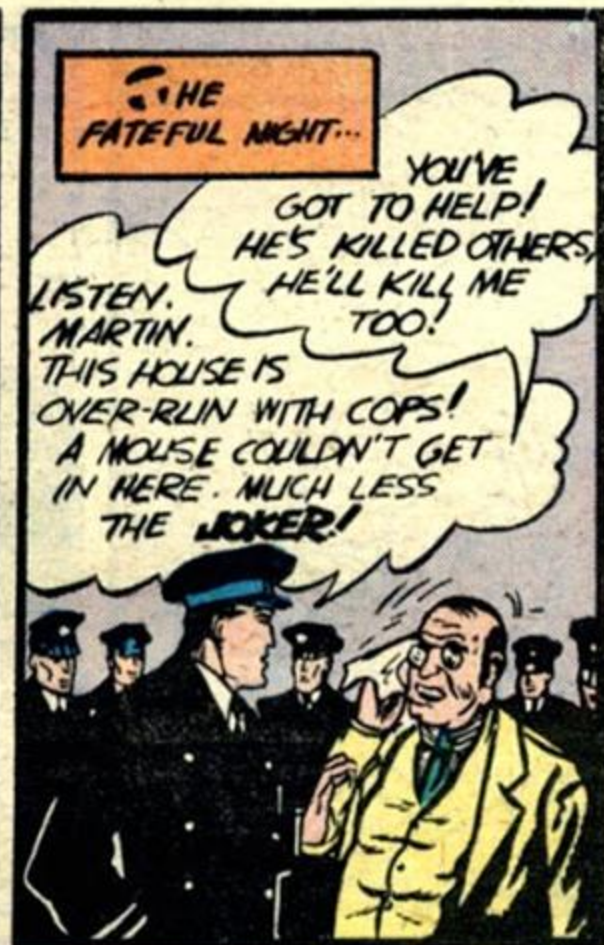
GONE!... NOT A SIGN
OF HIM! THE **BATMAN!**
WATTAMAN!!

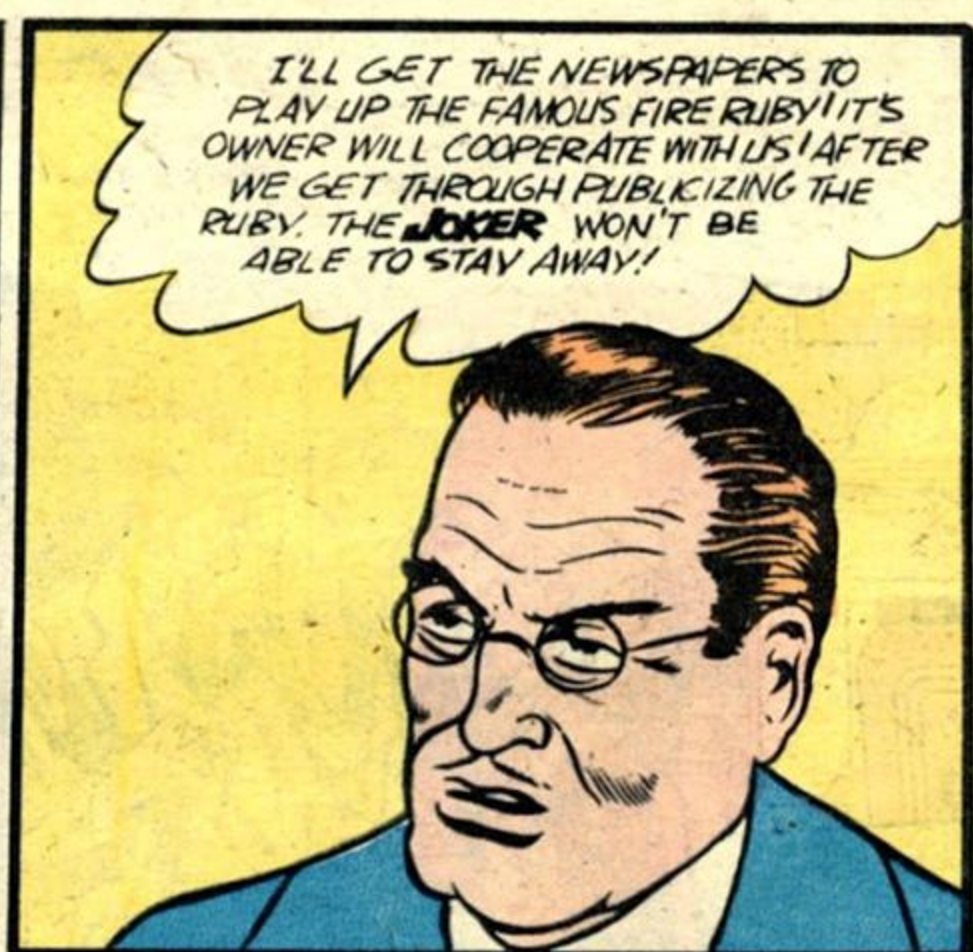
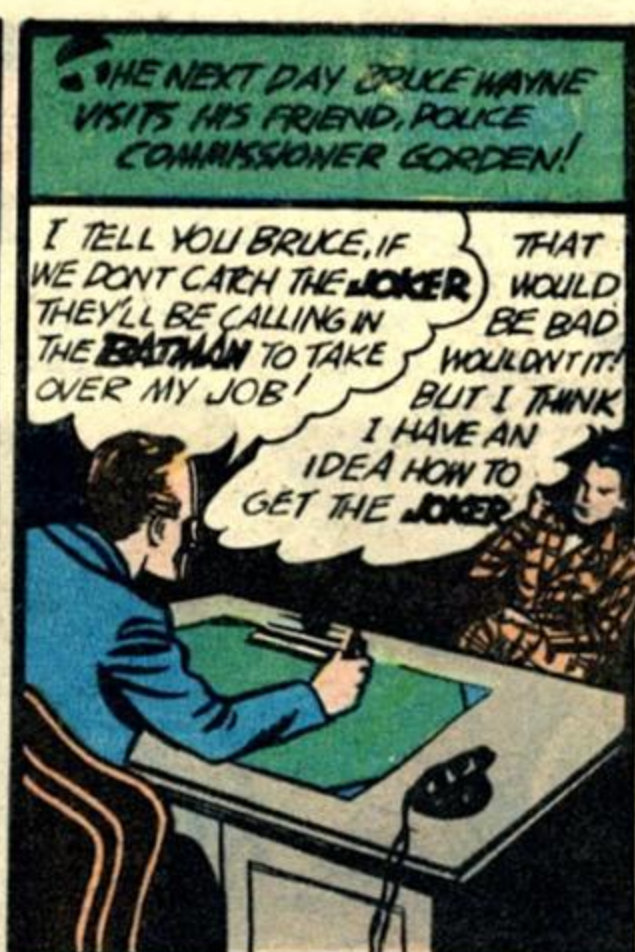


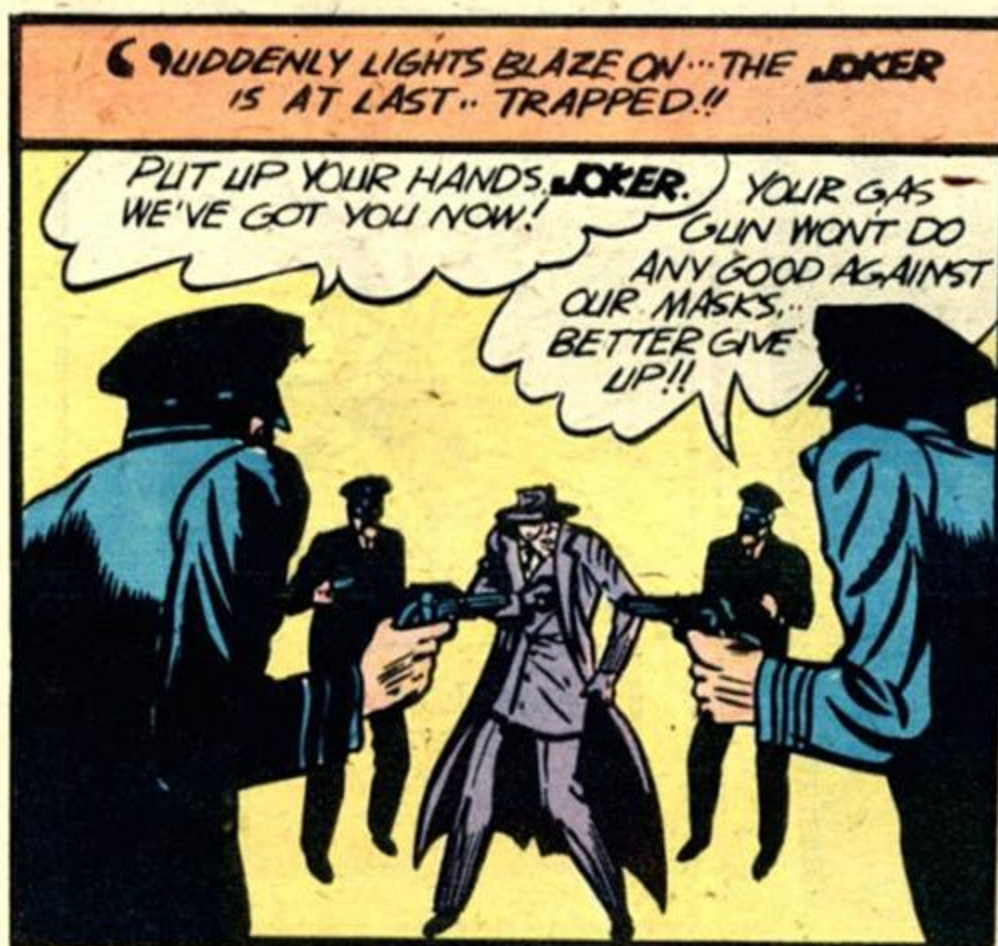
FAILURE OF THE POLICE TO
CAPTURE THE **WIDDER** MOVES A
REFORMER EDGAR MARTIN TO
PUBLIC SPEECHES!

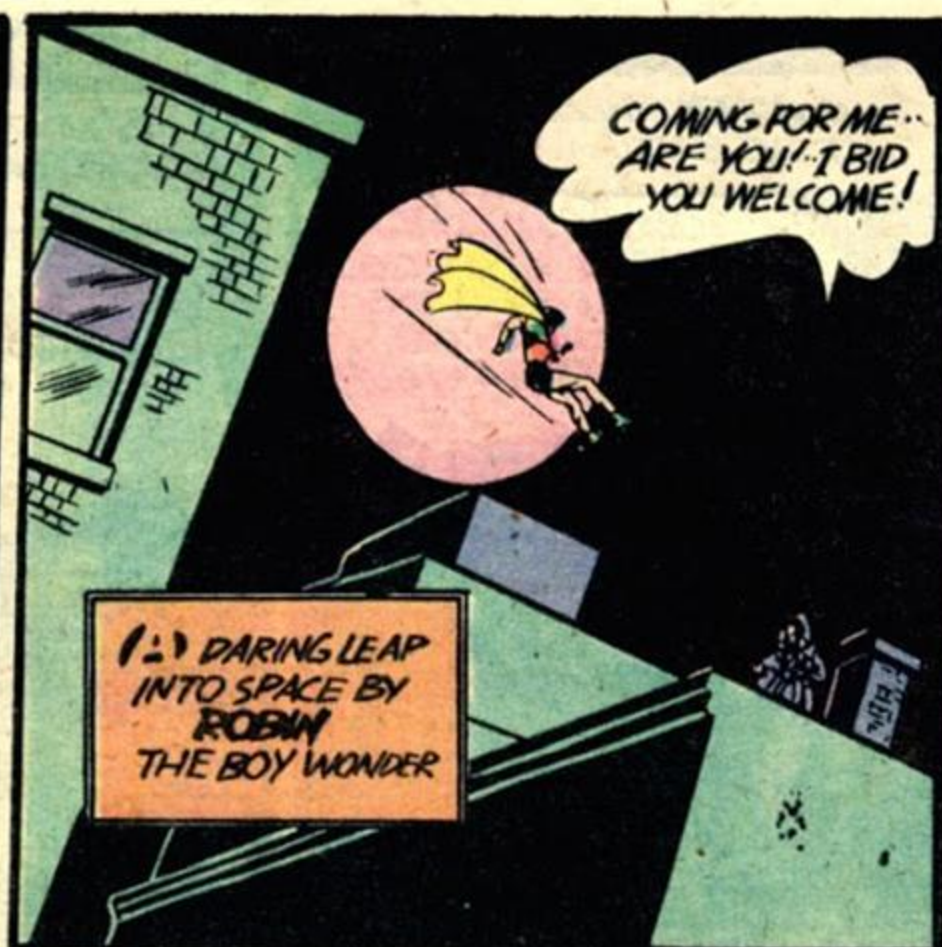
IF THE POLICE CAN'T
DO IT, WE MUST! I TELL
YOU THIS FIENDISH
CRIMINAL MUST BE
CAUGHT!

HE'S RIGHT! THE **WIDDER**
SURE IS MAKING THE
POLICE LOOK SILLY!













DEAL AFTER PEAL OF
WILD HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER
COMES FROM HIS GAPING MOUTH

HA! HA! HA!
THE JOKER IS GOING TO DIE
HA! HA! THE LAUGH IS ON
THE JOKER! HA! HA! HA!
CLOWN LAUGH! HA! HA! HA!
HA-HA-WA-HA

THE JOKER
HAS PLAYED
HIS LAST
HAND AND
LOST!

JOKER, THIS TIME
YOU COULDN'T WIN...
THE CARDS WERE
STACKED AGAINST
YOU!

LOOK - STILL
GRINNING
IN DEATH!

YES - AND WHEN THE
FLESH IS GONE - THE
GRINNING SKULL
WILL STILL CARRY
THE SIGN OF THE
JOKER... INTO
ETERNITY!

THERE'S SOMEONE
ON THE GROUND!
LOOK, BATMAN AND
THAT KID, ROBIN!

THE ONLY
THING TO TAKE
OVER IS THE
BODY!

WHY IT'S THE
JOKER IT
SEEMS THE
BATMAN HAS
SAVED US A LOT
OF TROUBLE!...
WE'D BETTER CALL
THE AMBULANCE!

LET'S GO ROBIN...
THE POLICE SEEM
TO THINK IT'S TIME
TO TAKE OVER!

BUT IN THE AMBULANCE A STARTLING
FACT IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT !!

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
DOC. YOU LOOK AS IF
YOU HAD SEEN A GHOST!

I MIGHT HAVE...
I JUST EXAMINED
THIS MAN - HE ISN'T
DEAD! - HE'S STILL
ALIVE - AND HE'S
GOING TO LIVE!

ROBIN'S CODE:

READINESS
OBEDIENCE
BROTHERHOOD
INDUSTRIOUSNESS
NATIONALISM

OH NO, SIR,
I COULDN'T TAKE
ANYTHING! YOU SEE
I'M A MEMBER OF THE
"ROBIN'S REGULARS"
OUR FIRST MOTTO IS...
"ALWAYS BE HELPFUL TO
THOSE WHO NEED HELP!"

THANK YOU
VERY MUCH FOR HELPING
AN OLD MAN ACROSS
THE STREET - I'D
LIKE TO REPAY
YOU FOR IT!

WHY NOT
BECOME ONE
OF "ROBIN'S
REGULARS?"
NO BUTTON
OR BADGE IS
NEEDED -
THE WORLD
WILL RECOGNIZE
YOUR GOLDEN
ACTS WITHOUT
THEM! BE
A "ROBIN
REGULAR"
BY BEING
REGULAR!

The **BATMAN**

appears in a complete episode every month in

DETECTIVE COMICS!



NOW ON SALE!

Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!



Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a duet by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

**You, Too,
Can Make
Your Own
Records If
You Sing
or Play an
Instrument**



Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Recordo record for her personal album.

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a play back of a recording he just made with Home Recordo.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and play-back unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$.75 per dozen.

From Wm. C., California:

I have made several records and they have turned out swell.

A. R. G., writes:

I received my Home Recordo and am having lots of enjoyment with it.

It sure is nice when you can make a record and afterwards listen to yourself play.

Miss Lillian C. of New York says:

Your recording outfit was received all O.K. and proved to be all you claim it to be.

**OPERATES ON ANY
A. C. OR D. C.
ELECTRIC
PHONOGRAPHS
RECORD PLAYERS
RADIO-PHONO
COMBINATIONS
Old or New Type
PHONOGRAPHS and
PORTABLES**

IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Bill May, often check new arrangements on Home Recordo.

**SEND NO MONEY! HURRY COUPON!
START RECORDING AT ONCE!**

COMPLETE OUTFIT \$2.98
**INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED
BLANK RECORDS ONLY**

2

HOME RECORDING CO.

STUDIO B.M.

11 WEST 17th ST.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

**HOME RECORDING CO.,
STUDIO B. M., 11 WEST 17 ST.,
New York, N. Y.**

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 two-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage, on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for \$3.00 and save postage.)

Send Doz. additional blank records at \$.75 per dozen.

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City and State

Note: Canadian and Foreign \$3.50 cash with order.



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